THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Mr. Hamlin Garland has been spending some months among the miners and on the Indian reservations of the Southwest, studying wild life and getting local colour. The last advices that we received from him reported him in the land of the Pueblos.

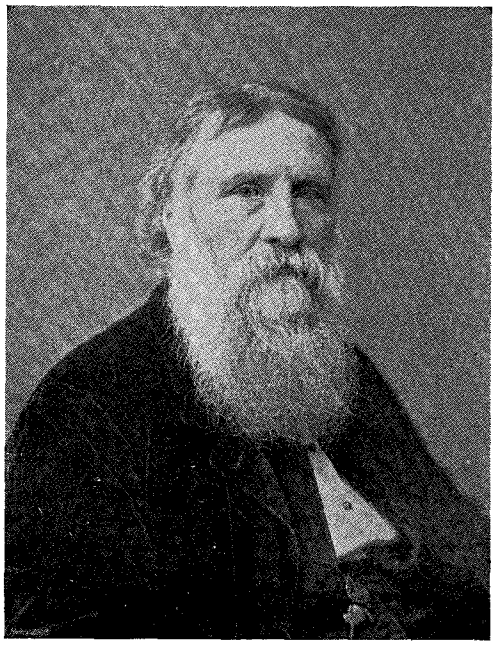
❀

About Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Claudius Clear writes: "Some of us have personal recollections of his early visits to London. He was then a very young man, but had done capital work. The Van Bibber stories were excellent in their way, so good, indeed, that I have often thought Mr. Davis was failing to redeem his early promise. As a commissioner for *Harper's Magazine* he has travelled far, and his articles are competently done, bright and sufficient, but, so far as I have observed, without any touch of genius."

❀

In the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Professor James Schouler had an interesting paper on "President Polk's Diary." This has been followed in the September *Atlantic* by an equally interesting article on "President Polk's Administration." In the former, Professor Schouler drew attention to a valuable manuscript collection in the Lenox Library of New York, upon which he spent much careful study last winter, and in his second paper he has been able to throw new light on the President's administration and his action in the Mexican War from important testimony furnished by Polk's own diary. Professor Schouler is still engaged on the final volume of his *History of the United States under the Constitution*, which is to treat of the Civil War.

Dr. George Macdonald's long-expected novel, *Lilith*—a review of which appears on another page—is published at last. It is known that Mr. Macdonald has been in very poor health for some time past, and a pathetic interest attaches to the



GEORGE MACDONALD.

production of his latest work, as he seemed to be anxious, in touching and retouching the proofs, to give the story its best and final form. George Macdonald was born in Aberdeenshire in 1824, and educated at King's College and University, Aberdeen. He was an Independent minister for a time, but resigned his charge partly

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on account of failing health and partly owing to his theological views. Poetry was his earliest work, but he published his first novel, *David Elginbrod*, in 1862. *Adela Cathcart*, *Alec Forbes*, *The Seaboard Parish*, *Malcolm*, *The Marquis of Lossie*, *Castle Warlock*, *Robert Falconer*, *Donal Grant* and *Phantastes* are some of the most popular of his novels, many of which are powerful studies of Scottish life and character.

JOSÉ ECHEGARAY.

The Great Galeoto and Folly or Saintliness, two plays in one volume, just published by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company, makes the third volume within a few months which contain the work of a Spanish writer but recently discovered outside of his own territory. Out of over fifty plays written within twenty years, *The Great Galeoto* has been the most popular and is considered the best of Echegaray's work. José Echegaray is sixty-three years old, and until about twenty years ago he was actively engaged as a mathematician, travelling in the course of his profession from one post to another. In 1874 his first play, *El Libro Talonario*, written in Paris during a brief exile, was put on the stage at Madrid, but not until he produced *En el puño de la Espada*, his fourth play, did he win over unanimously the critics and the public. Since then his career has been one long triumphal march. Readers will find in the volume just issued an instructive, critical introduction to Echegaray's work, and in *The Son of Don Juan*, published by Roberts Brothers, an interesting biographical sketch of the famous Spanish dramatist.

❀

Signor Verdi's reminiscences, which are now far advanced towards completion, are expected to be among the most interesting books of the time.

❀

Art note from Paris. Scene: the Luxembourg Gallery. *Dramatis personæ:* Two Young Lady Art Students. The first, who has been in Paris six weeks, is acting as guide and mentor to the second, who has been in Paris six days. They stop before Manet's painting "Olympie," which represents the nude reclining figure of a young woman, with a black cat in the foreground. Second Young Lady Student: "Oh, that's a very striking thing! What is it, dear?" First Young Lady Student (who doesn't know, but doesn't like to say so): "Now, my dear, look it up in the catalogue. That will help fix it in your memory; whereas if I tell you, you will forget it immediately." Second Young Lady Student hurriedly consults her catalogue, and getting the wrong number, reads out: "'Portrait of his Mother,' by James McNeill Whistler." First Young Lady Student (impressively): "There, my dear! Notice how characteristic of Whistler it is! Who but Whistler would have painted his own mother in such an attitude as that?" Second Young Lady Student gazes with wide-open eyes and makes notes. They move on.

❀

A new work is about to issue from the press of Dodd, Mead and Company by that most delightful of all modern biographers, Augustus J. C. Hare, whose *Memorials of a Quiet Life* and *The Story of Two Noble Lives* are with many other of this author's books doubtless well known to our readers. In *The Gurneys of Earlham* he has told the story of the famous Quaker family of which Elizabeth Fry was a member, based for the most part on the large correspondence and private journals which reveal the details of their life, especially their spiritual life. It is a fitting memorial of

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the conspicuous part which this group of brothers and sisters played in the religious and philanthropic life of England during the first half of our century. There are over fifty portraits and other illustrations, and the work is to be in two volumes.

❀

The German Goethe Society has unearthed a curious old volume of original manuscript containing youthful songs and epics of the poet. The book is a small volume, measuring 3½ by 5 inches, bound in boards with a faded linen cover, and gold ornaments in the corners and on the back. On the title-page the name *Annette* appears in German writing. At the foot of the page is the date, Leipzig, 1767.

❀

Mr. William Edward Norris, whose new novel, *Billy Bellew*, is noticed on another page, has been engaged in writing novels for nearly sixteen years. Unlike the orthodox successful author, he achieved success with his first attempt. "It was Mr. Leslie Stephen," he told a representative of the *Album* the other day, "who advised me to take to literature, and to whom I therefore indirectly owe my success—such as it is." Mr. Stephen was at that time editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* when Mr. Norris contributed a short story to its pages entitled "M. Bédeau," which attracted considerable notice and moved him to give up his practice at the bar (he had been called to the Inner Temple, but had never practised) and adopt literature as a profession. "Acting upon Mr. Stephen's advice," he says, "I sent several more short stories to the *Cornhill* and one or two other magazines, and somewhat to my surprise they were all accepted. *Heaps of Money* was my first novel, *Mademoiselle de Mersac* my second. The latter was the more favourably received, and it is the one that personally I prefer to any book that I have written since. *No New Thing* and *Matrimony* were the next two, and I think they were equally successful, if success is to be gauged by the number of copies sold; but the following book, *Thirlby Hall*, was, I believe, more widely read than either of the other four. *Adrian Vidal*, *A Bachelor's Blunder*, *My Friend Jim*, *Chris*, *Major and Minor*, *The Rogue*, *Mrs. Fenton*, *Misadventure*, *The Baffled Conspirators*, *Miss Shafto*, *His Grace*, and *Billy Bellew* are the names of some of the books written subsequently, but I shall not inflict upon you the names of all of them. *Billy Bellew* was published last month."

❀

Mr. Norris was born in London in 1847, and is the younger son of the late Sir William Norris, formerly Chief Justice of Ceylon. He was educated first

WILLIAM EDWARD NORRIS.

at Twyford, where the Rev. G. W. Kitchin, now Dean of Durham, was at that time head master, and afterwards at Eton. On leaving Eton he went abroad, in order to study modern languages, partly with a view to entering the diplomatic service; but on being called to the bar a few years later literature claimed him. He works about three or four hours a day. Nearly all his work is recopied by a secretary—the author's own handwriting being exceeding small, though extremely neat and clear; he seldom makes alterations on his manuscripts. Mr. Norris is also a finished musician, his favourite composers being Schumann and Chopin. For some years he has been a widower. His daughter, an only child, inherits his love for literature and out-of-door sports.

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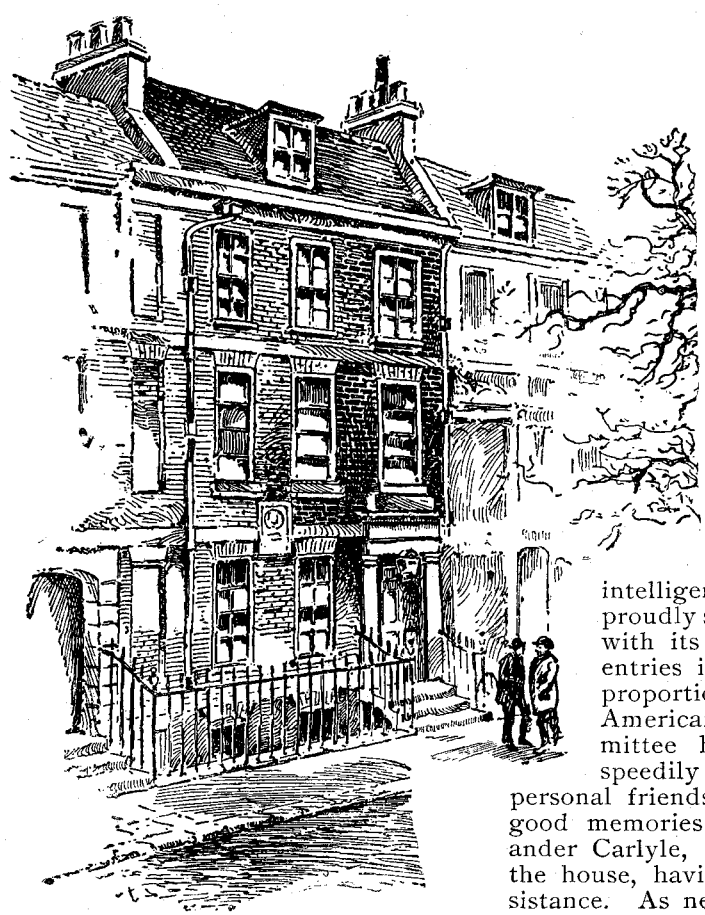
The Rev. Hastings Rashdall's book on mediæval universities will be issued shortly.

❀

The letters written by Stevenson to his wife's grandson, Austin Strong, will appear in *St. Nicholas* under the name of *Letters to a Boy*.

❀

The Vailima Letters, written by Robert Louis Stevenson to Mr. Sidney Colvin, will be published on October 18th by Messrs. Stone and Kimball.



CARLYLE'S HOUSE, CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA.

This firm will also publish on or about the same date Mr. Clark Russell's new sea romance, *A Three-stranded Yarn*, which completed its serial issue in the September *Cosmopolitan*. *The Gypsy Christ and other Tales*, by William Sharp, to appear next month from the same press, will inaugurate another dainty series of sixteenmos, which is to be named the Carnation Series, from the floral design upon the cover. The first volumes of the English Classics Series, which Stone and Kimball are publishing in conjunction with Messrs. Methuen and Company, have made their appearance in the form of Morier's *Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*. Whatever may be the interest or value of this mirth-making work of a bygone day to the present generation, the publishers have at least produced a triumph of art in book-making that will arouse the cupidity of the book-lover. We understand that only a limited edition of the volumes in this series will be published.

❀

The number of visitors who have already visited the Carlyle Museum since it has been opened to the public should be gratifying to the committee who have taken so much pains to make the neglected and dilapidated house a worthy memorial of a great man and a suggestive place of pilgrimage. The intelligent Scottish caretaker proudly shows her visitors' book, with its more than six hundred entries in three weeks—a large proportion of the names being American, of course. The committee have done their work speedily and well, by the aid of personal friends of the Carlyles with good memories; the late Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, so long an inmate of the house, having been of special assistance. As nearly as possible it has been restored to its condition of fifteen years ago. The old wall papers have been photographed and reproduced, even old fireplaces traced and restored; bits of furniture and a few pictures have been brought back to their former places. Indeed, judging by the length of time visitors linger over the relics, the house, for all its bareness, would seem to be already very suggestive. Some Scottish visitors the other

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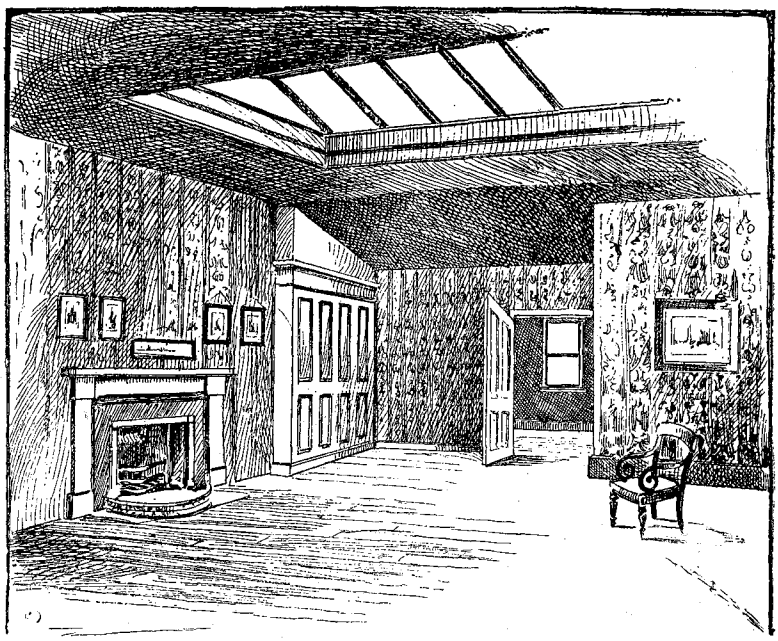
day certainly stayed long enough before the sage's hat, with its ruffled pile, and his hat-box, to evolve from them a whole philosophy of clothes.

❀

Much else will be forthcoming surely, but even now the place calls up the life of its former owners. The sound-proof room has a faded map or two, and some prints that speak of the days when the *Cromwell* and the *Frederick* were being struggled with. The portraits of Sir Henry Taylor and of John Sterling's sister tell of old cherished friendships; the photograph of Carlyle on horseback, the artist's proof of Mrs. Allingham's portrait, and a water-colour sketch by the same artist, make the bare rooms living. Perhaps the books in the drawing-room have most interest of all, though they are mostly reference books, and connected with no special work of his own. Among them are a set of annual registers, another of the *Conversations Lexicon*, Barretti's and several other dictionaries; actually two three-volume novels, one of Bulwer's, and Miss Martineau's *Deerbrook;* and some miscellaneous modern literature, including what are probably presentation copies from the authors, Ruskin, William Morris, and others. When the zealous committee shall have succeeded in tracing and procuring more of the furniture, pictures, and books, and have arranged the manuscripts in cases, they will probably act on the excellent suggestion of some of their number, and make the house a home for some interesting collection of Chelsea books or antiquities, and a meeting-place for learned societies. In the meanwhile, grateful acknowledgment is due to them for all they have already done.



CARLYLE'S STUDY: THE SOUND-PROOF ROOM.

Samuel Rutherford Crockett is a broad-shouldered giant of six-foot-four, with blood tingling in his cheeks and a mercurial activity and exuberance in every fibre of him which suggested to a well-known lady novelist the neat epithet, "healthily happy." He is thirty-four years of age, and was born at Little Duchrae (Black Crag), in Galloway. His people were small farmers who rented their land and worked it for their maintenance, and as a boy of five Mr. Crockett took part in the common labours of the farm. The Dee Bridge, which is described in *The Raiders*, is close behind Duchrae. He went to school at the age of five, walking three and a half miles to a small village school at Lauriston, accompanied by his dog, Royal. When fifteen years old he entered Edinburgh University with a bursary for four years of $100 a year, with which he eked out his means of subsistence and the wherewithal to pay his fees and buy books by doing journalistic work, writing paragraphic reports for the Edinburgh *Daily Review*, and later by contributing articles among other papers to the London *Daily Chronicle*. At nineteen he obtained, through Jowett of Balliol, a travelling tutorship, which took him all over Europe, where he visited

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many historic and romantic places and made the acquaintance of several celebrities, among them James Russell Lowell, his pupil, a young American, happening to be provided with numerous letters of introduction.

❀

While thus serving an apprenticeship to the court of the world Mr. Crockett

S. R. CROCKETT.

sang his youth in a little-known volume of poems entitled *Dulce Cor*, and published it under a *nom de plume*. On his return to Edinburgh, Mr. Crockett first took up the science classes, but after two years' application, much of it spent in reading, writing, and tutoring, he turned to theology, and in 1885 was ordained a minister. After working at Dunfermline for two months he was called to Penicuick as Free Church minister, and six months after his arrival was married. He retained this charge until his resignation, about a year ago.

❀

As a minister, Mr. Crockett continued to write for the newspapers and periodicals. The writer remembers very well seeing Mr. Crockett's name in *The Christian Leader* (Glasgow), and reading the tales which, appearing also in the colonial papers, attracted Dr. Nicoll's attention, and resulted in the author's collecting them in *The Stickit Minister*. Mr. Crockett tells how they first came to make their appearance. While contributing articles on various subjects to the newspapers, "I also wrote sketches and stories," he says, "which I thought might come to something, and kept these lying by me. It was in this way that the first half of *The Lilac Sunbonnet* was written. I was also writing editorials on theological subjects for religious periodicals, and one day the editor of *The Christian Leader* wrote to me and asked me to send him an editorial, which was wanted at once. I had no time to write one, and I told him so, but at the same time I sent him one of the sketches which I had in my drawer, and asked him if he could use that instead. It was the story called 'A Day in the Life of the Reverend James Pitbye,' which is in *The Stickit Minister*. I didn't think that the editor would use it. However, he wrote me, 'Never send me anything else.' So I continued sending him these sketches, and they met with a great deal of appreciation, and were widely copied in other papers, especially in Canada and Australia. Almost all the tales in

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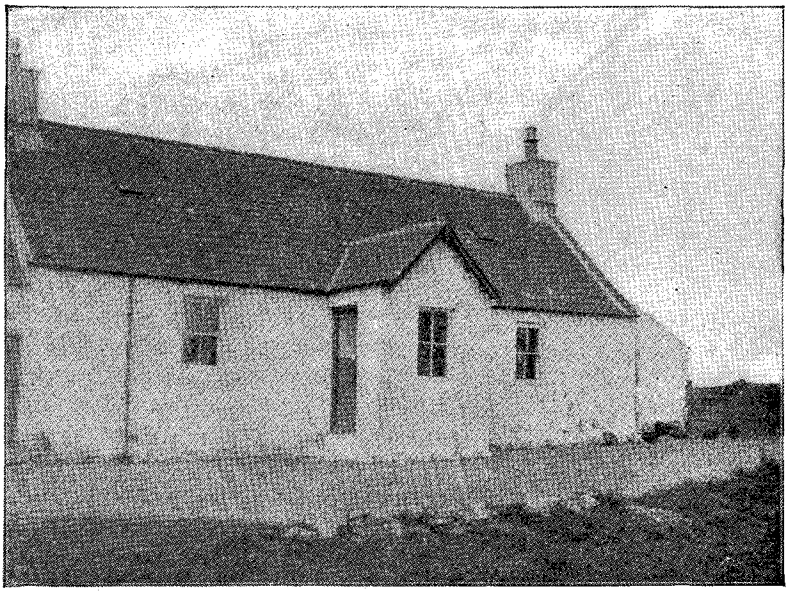
The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men appeared in this way in *The Christian Leader.*"

❀

The original of the character of "The Stickit Minister" was a second cousin of Mr. Crockett's, who took a great interest in the boy's reading while he was at school. It was he who taught him to love Shakespeare and Milton, which he used to lend the young truant, who would smuggle them into his bedroom under his clothes—for Mr. Crockett's people were strict Cameronians (Covenanters), and he was rigidly brought up in the faith. An unshakable loyalty to the faith of his fathers has honourably won for him the title of "the Covenanter novelist," and *The Men of the Moss-Hags*, just published by the Messrs. Macmillan, is written from a Covenanter's standpoint as fairly as Scott's *Old Mortality* was written from the other standpoint. The "Kirk on the Hill" of *The Play-Actress* (which was written for amusement while the author was deep in *The Raiders*) is the Cameronian kirk at Castle Douglas, a distance of nine miles, to which they used to drive on Sundays in a red farm cart with no springs, for springs were taxed, and the Crocketts were not rich.



LITTLE DUCHRAE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF MR. CROCKETT.

❀

The Lilac Sunbonnet should have been Mr. Crockett's third book, but it was delayed, and in the meantime *The Raiders* was finished and published. Although begun in January, 1893, and finished in February, 1894, the actual writing of it occupied only two months. Before starting on a book he makes copious notes, and when writing of a period he reads as far as possible every book published during that period. When the book is written, he writes it all over again. His work is done in the morning. For many years, summer and winter, he has never missed a sunrise. He is usually downstairs and at work by five o'clock, and he never touches his literary work after nine in the morning. He is an ardent student of nature, and prides himself in the exactness of the natural history allusions in his books. "My idea of a holiday," he says, "is to take a powerful pair of field glasses and to go out into the woods or on to the moors and lie down, and for hours together to watch the birds and all the living things that pass."

❀

The Messrs. Macmillan have now ready their new edition of *The Stickit Minister*, which has a prefatory poem by the late Robert Louis Stevenson, and upwards of fifty illustrations by Murdoch, Pennell, MacGeorge, and other well-known artists. It is published at the popular price of $1.50.

❀

A novel by Mr. Crockett, entitled *A Galloway Herd*, has just been issued in book form by Messrs. R. F. Fenno and Company. The accompanying portrait of Mr. Crockett is from a new photograph taken for THE BOOKMAN by T. and R. Annan and Sons, Glasgow, Scotland.

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Mr. Frederick C. Gordon, who is at present in Logiealmond (Drumtochty), has just sent over a batch of drawings upon which he is engaged for the illustrated holiday edition of *A Doctor of the Old School*, taken from the *Bonnie Brier Bush*, which we noticed in our last number. They have been pronounced by several critics who have examined them to be exceptionally fine in their characterisation, and wonderfully true to life. The picture especially of Dr. MacLure matches Ian Maclaren's beautiful idealisation of that character. Mr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) has been in Drumtochty and is quite enthusiastic in his praise of them. He particularly likes the limning of the Doctor's portrait in all the drawings. By the way, Drumtochty is not so far behind the times as one would imagine. Mr. Gordon writes that the first music he heard in the village was the well-known street song "After the Ball."

❀

Literary veterans in this town are deriving a good deal of quiet amusement from the reported antics of a young author, whose very marked success has a good deal interfered with his philosophic poise. This youth, it appears, is given to taking a whole box at the theatre, and then, just about the middle of the second act, enters with much *empressement*, and walking to the front of the box, stands and surveys the house with great deliberation. He is a conspicuous figure, and at once the whisper runs about the house that this is the distinguished author of so-and-so. All eyes are fixed upon him, the play is forgotten, the young girls thrill with a delicious sense of hero worship, and he himself is very, very happy! *At pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier "Hic est!"*

❀

Messrs. Platt and Bruce, a new firm of New York publishers, have made a good start with their first publication, a volume of short stories by Stanley Weyman, of which over seven thousand copies have been sold in three weeks. Be it noted, too, that with the exception of two stories which appeared in an English magazine only and have since been rewritten, all the stories in *The King's Stratagem* are new and are protected by copyright in both countries. We understand that this house has secured a novel from Mr. George Du Maurier which will be profusely illustrated by the author; also a new story by Anthony Hope, called *A Foolish Impulse*, which it is said will rival *The Prisoner of Zenda* in dramatic interest. Messrs. Platt and Bruce represent the Western firms, Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company and Stone and Kimball. By the way, an erroneous impression has been received by the trade that Messrs. Platt and Bruce are simply general commission merchants. We wish to correct this by stating that they are publishers in their own right, and that their representation of these Western houses is a matter of individual interest only, and may be regarded in the same relation as that of travelling salesmen.

❀

When Mrs. Barr wrote *Friend Olivia*, many critics felt that she had reached a higher level than in her former novels. The writer remembers reading it as it appeared serially in the pages of the *Century Magazine;* and the lofty tone which it breathed, the noble and imaginative handling of historical characters, and the warm, pulsing throb of human life which impressed them with reality gave the book distinction as a work of art. Since then Mrs. Barr has been engaged on another historical novel. We are led to believe that in this forthcoming work, *Bernicia*, which will be published shortly, she has written a worthy successor to *Friend Olivia*. *Bernicia* has for groundwork the times of George II. of England, just after the dispersion of the Jacobites, and George Whitefield, the great revivalist, figures prominently among the characters.

❀

Mr. George Gissing, whose reputation is now thoroughly assured, is said to be busily at work upon still another novel. If this be so, we should like to waft across the sea a modest petition to one whom we greatly admire. Will Mr. Gissing graciously allow his next hero to adopt a new form of speaking to the heroine, and not continually address her as "dear girl"? We stood it heroically in *Denzil Quarrier;* but when it kept on, for book after book, down to the *Year of Jubilee*, in which it fairly ran riot in the mouth of Lionel Tarrant, we drew the line. "Darling," "love," "pet," etc., are not very original epithets, but in one of Mr. Gissing's books they would come

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Yours very truly,
Beatrice Harraden

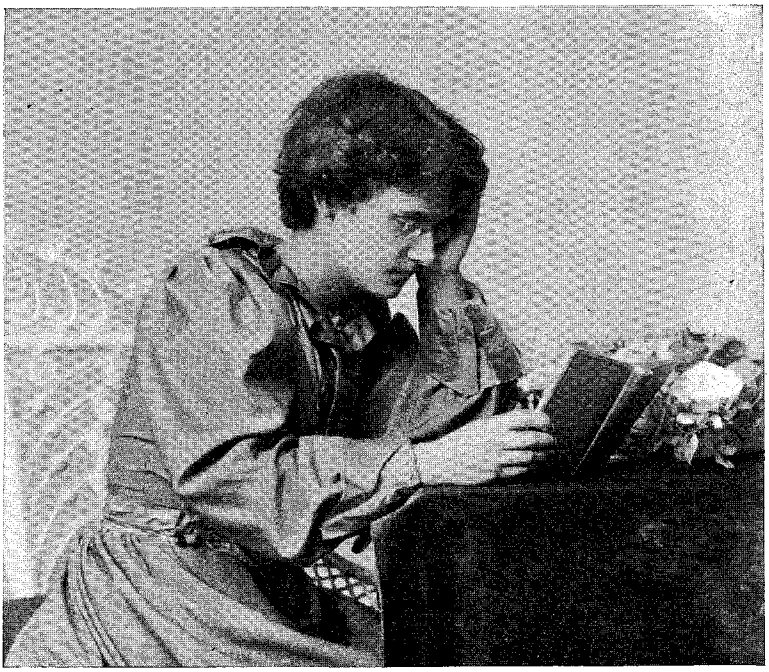
upon the reader as a startling and refreshing novelty.

❀

Perhaps it would be too much to ask him to give us another type of hero; but it is very trying to find the *jeune premier* of every one of his novels a person whom one would give anything to kick. An educated boor like Denzil Quarrier and a patronising egotist like Lionel Tarrant have really no business to expect any reader's sympathy. They only represent different types of British caddishness, and we have had quite enough of them. We must, in fact, confess to having had a great appreciation of Glazzard's treachery to Quarrier, and if Quarrier had been the only one to suffer from it we should have held up both hands and feet in ghoulish glee.

❀

Miss Beatrice Harraden expected to leave California for the East on the 14th instant, and if her plans have not been altered, by the time this number is in the hands of the reader she will have already been in New York nearly a week. Miss Harraden made many warm friends when she passed through New York on her westward journey over a year ago, and she is sure of a hearty welcome and congratulations on the improved condition of her health. We take pleasure in presenting the accompanying portraits to our readers, which are reproduced from photographs taken just before Miss Harraden's departure from her friends in the West, by Lorenz, Los Angeles, Cal. It is interesting to note that these portraits are the first to meet with the hearty approval and consent of the celebrated author of *Ships* for publication. Miss Harraden's face looks sad when in repose, as it does here, but she does not allow her friends to see this expression much. Only those who have met her and talked with her know how her countenance lights up with the sparkle and vivacity of her manner in conversation.



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Miss Katharine Pearson Woods's forthcoming novel, *John the Beloved*, is now completed and will soon be in the press. A story of hers called *The Crowning of Candace*, which will remind some readers of Charlotte M. Yonge's manner, will begin serial issue in the *Churchman* early in November.

❀

The Merriam Company announce for publication this autumn two fresh additions to the ever-increasing volume of English translations from French memoirs. *Recollections of the Private Life of Napoleon*, by his valet, is to be in three volumes, and *Josephine, Empress of the French*, by Frederick A. Ober, will be in one volume. The numerous illustrations in both books will be an attractive feature of the work.

❀

By the way, we recommend to jaded readers, *Select Conversations with an Uncle*, just published by this firm. It is the work of a clever young writer who has already made a hit in London with his ingenious story, *The Time Machine*, recently published in America by the Messrs. Holt. A new novel of his, entitled *The Wonderful Visit*, will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan and Company. Mr. Wells is an author worth cultivating; we shall hear more of him by and by.

❀

We have seen the advance sheets of Bliss Carman's new volume of poems, *Behind the Arras*, to be published shortly by Lamson, Wolffe and Company, and in it the poet seems to strike a new note. This collection of poems is certainly the most ambitious work Mr. Carman has yet done. The book is beautifully fashioned, and the decorative work by Tom B. Meteyard gives an attractive setting to some of the poems. Mr. Meteyard will be remembered as the artist who made the designs for the inside of the covers of *Songs from Vagabondia*. Readers of Browning will perhaps be reminded of his "Rabbi Ben Ezra" by the following stanzas, with which Mr. Carman concludes his long poem, "Behind the Arras," which gives the title to the book:

"O hand of mine and brain of mine, be yours,
While time endures,
To acquiesce and learn!
For what we best may dare and drudge and yearn,
Let soul discern.

"So, fellows, we shall reach the gusty gale,
Early or late,
And part without remorse,
A cadence dying down into its source
In music's course;

"You to the perfect rhythms of flowers and birds,
Colours and words,
The heart-beats of the earth,
To be remoulded always of one worth
From birth to birth;

"I to the broken rhythm of thought and man,
The sweep and span
Of memory and hope
About the orbit where they still must grope
For wider scope,

"To be through thousand springs restored, renewed,
With love imbrued,
With increments of will
Made strong, perceiving unattainment still
From each new skill.

"Always the flawless beauty, always the chord,
Of the Overword,
Dominant, pleading, sure.
No truth too small to save and make endure,
No good too poor!

"And since no mortal can at last disdain
That sweet refrain,
But lets go strife and care,
Borne like a strain of bird notes on the air,
The wind knows where;

"Some quiet April evening, soft and strange,
When comes the change
No spirit can deplore,
I shall be one with all I was before,
In death once more."

❀

It is said in England that Queen Victoria's favourite novelist is Marie Corelli. This is probably because no one has yet sent to the royal author of *Our Life in the Highlands* a complete set of the works of Laura Jean Libbey.

❀

The London *Spectator* has taken to using the adverb "deadlily." It even appears to like it. Miss Gertrude Hall, whose favourite is "lovelily," should establish a connection with our contemporary.

❀

The recently announced appointment of Lord Wolseley to succeed the Duke of Cambridge as commander-in-chief of the British army is an event that would seem to have no literary side to it; but readers of Rudyard Kipling will think that it has. Mr. Kipling has always been the earnest partisan of Lord Rob-

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erts (who was passed over in making this appointment), and in both his Indian tales and his barrack-room ballads will be found innumerable glorifications of "Bobs Bahadur" and "Little Bobs," by which pet diminutives the hero of Kandahar is known to Tommy Atkins. Conversely, Mr. Kipling does not love Lord Wolseley, and has given him here and there many a sly dig through the mouth of the great Mulvaney, though he never mentions him by name. Mr.

M. Aristide Bruant, who has won fame and fortune during the past three or four years by singing songs in thieves' *argot* at his curious place on the Boulevard Rochechouart, in Paris, has now practically retired, and, like so many other quasi-Parisians, will spend his later years in his native provincial town. His songs and monologues, of which he published a small volume some time ago, had so large a sale as to induce him to put forth a second collection under

COVER OF BRUANT'S "DANS LA RUE." (DESIGN BY STEINLEN.)

Kipling's admiration for Lord Roberts is, however, unfortunately not wholly reciprocated. Last year, when the distinguished soldier returned from India to England to receive his peerage and a good berth at home, Mr. Kipling celebrated his arrival by putting forth a new ballad with the refrain, "Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!" which disgusted both Lord Roberts and his friends, as being altogether too familiar a greeting for a great soldier and a peer of the realm.

❀

Mr. Rider Haggard shares with Mr. Rudyard Kipling his appreciation of the work of that rising young author, Mr. Guy Boothby.

the same title, *Dans la Rue*, with a cover and many original drawings by Steinlen, who here shows that his artistic cleverness is not confined to the *affiche*. Each song has the music prefixed to it. The whole volume is one of some two hundred pages, and is published by the author at No. 84 Boulevard Rochechouart at three francs and a half. It is a most curious and original book from both the linguistic and the social point of view.

❀

Two recently published epigrams of the late Mme. Barrotin:

"The invention of the piano derives its chief importance from the fact that it

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has so immensely enhanced the value of silence."

"In travelling, an Englishman wants to see everything, a Frenchman to attempt everything, and a German to swallow everything."

The first of these recalls Théophile Gautier's famous definition of music: *C'est le silence gâté.*

❀

The Macmillans announce *Where Highways Cross* in the Iris Library. The author is Mr. J. S. Fletcher, whose Thoreau-like work, *The Wonderful Wapentake*, and a stirring romance, entitled *When Charles the First was King*, both published this year by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, have introduced him to American readers. Apropos of the review on "Romance in Malâya" in the last number of THE BOOKMAN, we are pleased to learn that considerable interest has been taken in Mr. Swettenham's *Malay Sketches*. On the other hand, *Almayer's Folly*, by Joseph Conrad, has not yet fastened on the public. If this novel does not take its place among those of first-rate power and excellence, still it has great qualities; picturesqueness, poetry, deep human sympathy, restraint, and literary ability of a very marked kind. The style has an Eastern, languorous beauty, but it lacks the swiftness conducive to the interest of the volatile Western reader. There are pages of singular fascination and tragic description which De Quincey might have been proud to write.

❀

Mr. Frank Barrett is an English novelist whose name is not unknown to the American reader, but his work has not yet received that attention which one would expect it to command in this country. His new book about to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Company is calculated to stimulate a stronger interest in this author's work. The title, by the way, is a curiosity. It runs thus: *A Set of Rogues*, "namely, Christopher Sutton, John Dawson, the Señor Don Sanchez Del Castello de Castellana, and Moll Dawson: Their wicked conspiracy, and a true account of their travels and adventures: the marriage of Moll Dawson by a sinful means to a worthy gentleman of merit; her second expedition with her former roguish companions into strange places; her atonement to Mr. William Godwin (whereby she renders up all she ever had of him and more) and selling of herself to Algerine pirates and going into Barbary a slave; together with the tribulation of those who led her to wrongdoing, and many other surprising things now disclosed for the first time as the faithful confession of Christopher Sutton."

❀

We had something to say in the last BOOKMAN about the ignorance of the proper use of "shall" and "will" displayed by so many American writers who ought to know the English language better. As it is an old maxim that for every disease there exists somewhere a remedy, we have lately found an admirable little treatise on the distinction between these two important auxiliaries. Its author is Commander Craig, of the United States Navy, now with the *Concord* in Chinese waters. It was prepared by him for the use of the cadets at Annapolis; but some publisher should take it up and give it a wider circulation, as it is an excellent tract for linguistic sinners. If Mr. Richard Harding Davis will promise to read it, it will give us great pleasure to send him a copy by the next mail.

❀

Lord Acton, the newly appointed Professor of History at the University of Cambridge, of whom we gave a short account in THE BOOKMAN for April, has been delivering his inaugural lecture, and has shown the qualities that might have been expected from a scholar of his peculiar training and antecedents. Ponderous, obscure, with an immense amount of undigested learning, he is a portentous combination of German heaviness and English *Dummheit*. His critical capacity may be gauged by the fact that in his lecture he grouped Mommsen, Ranke, Thiers, and Macaulay as being historians of the same rank! Even the English reviews have not been able to take this very seriously.

❀

Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*, has lately shown himself in a new light by contributing to *Harper's Weekly* some poetical renderings from the Russian of Pushkin. Mr. Dana, having won a very marked victory in the preliminaries of his libel suit, has been spending the

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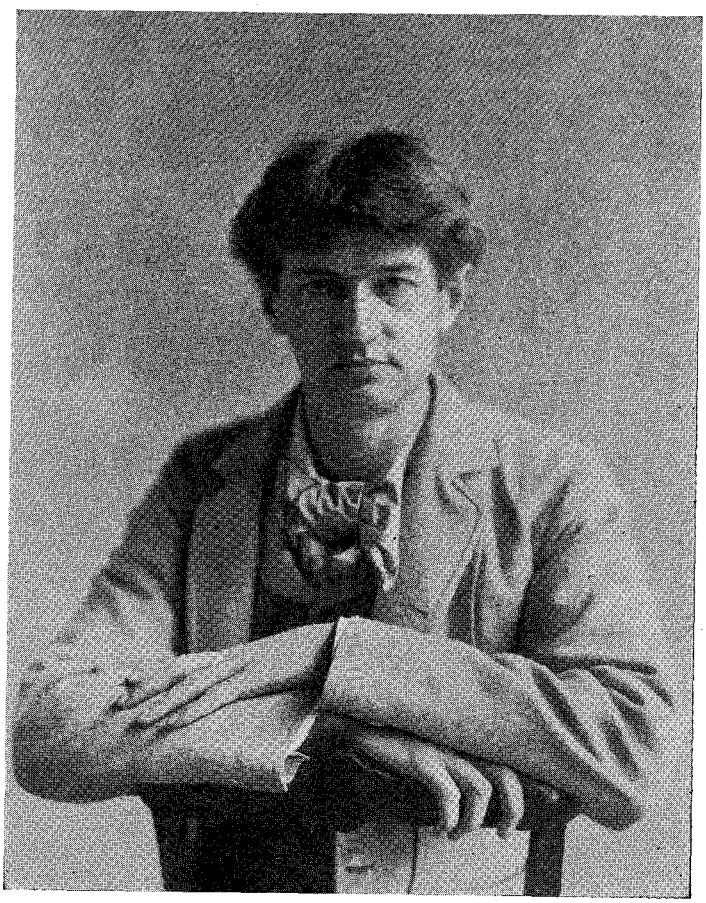
summer in Europe. Every one is rather glad that he was successful, for Mr. Dana is a national institution; yet there is a sort of unholy curiosity as to what would have befallen him in Washington if he had been taken (or "dragged," as he would say) to that city for trial. The editor of the *Evening Post* would have been especially interested in the result, and would have written some of his most feeling editorials of condolence.

❀

The *Sun* and the *Post* are probably the most individual journals that are anywhere published. People read them even when they disapprove of their utterances, and read them all the more carefully when they disapprove. It is curious that while their general standpoints are diametrically opposed to one another, the general effect which they make upon the mind of the reader is pretty much the same—a fact which gives point to an epigram ascribed to a well-known jurist, and which we here set down with apologies to the respective editors, who can themselves hardly fail to be amused by it. The aforesaid jurist having heard one of his friends denouncing the general demoralisation of New York, broke in with, "Well, what can you expect of a city with two such leading newspapers—the *Sun* in the morning making vice attractive, and the *Post* in the evening making virtue odious!" The same gentleman, who has occasionally fallen under Mr. Godkin's chastening displeasure, once characterised the *Post* as "that pessimistic, malignant, and malevolent sheet, which no good citizen ever goes to bed without reading!"—a saying which beautifully combines the antidote with the bane.

❀

Bliss Carman was born at Fredericton, N. B., on April 15th, 1861. On his father's side he is descended of the Carmans who came to New Brunswick from Long Island and founded St. John. His mother belonged to the Bliss family, also Loyalists, who took a leading part in the Revolution. Daniel Bliss's sister, a progenitor of his, was Emerson's grandmother, so that Mr. Carman's residence in the United States is,



Bliss Carman

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in a sense, the return of the native. He graduated in 1881 at the University of New Brunswick, and afterwards studied at Edinburgh, Scotland, under Campbell Fraser and Tait. Mr. Carman says that Mr. J. M. Barrie's *Edinburgh Eleven* comes home to him with the intimacy

engendered by his knowledge of the men of whom Barrie has written. For two or three years he read for the law; then went into the field as an engineer, but returned to his studies in philosophy and English in 1886 under Child and Royce at Harvard. In 1890 he went on the New York *Independent* as office editor, and remained there nearly three years. Subsequently he assisted Messrs. Stone and Kimball in launching the *Chap-Book*, which took its rise from his suggestion, though its attractive form and dress were due to Mr. Stone's good taste. Since he left the *Independent* Mr. Carman has held no permanent office. He usually spends his summers in Nova Scotia and his winters in Washington, D. C., occasionally visiting his friends in Boston and New York. Mr. Carman acknowledges the great liberators in literature to be his masters, among whom he gives precedence to Emerson, Matthew Arnold, and Browning.

❀

Bliss Carman's first published book of poetry was *Low Tide on Grand Pré* (first edition, C. L. Webster and Company, November, 1893; second edition, Stone and Kimball, March, 1894, with three additional poems). His next volume, *Songs from Vagabondia*, was written in collaboration with Mr. Richard Hovey (Copeland and Day, September, 1894). *A Seamark; A Threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson*, was published by the latter house in April of this year. But before his first book made its appearance Mr. Carman had printed for private circulation in cheap broad sheets, in June, 1894, a ballad entitled *Saint Kavin*. It is a satirical skit, cleverly written, but of a personal nature that debars it from publication. We are able to reproduce the pen-and-ink title-page design by B. G. Goodhue, which was not reduced in electrotyping the original.

❀

The report comes from London on apparently good authority that Mr. George Moore is about to marry Mrs. Pearl Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes),

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whose divorce we lately chronicled. If this be true, it is a perfectly ideal match, and should, we assert, establish a precedent, so that hereafter men and women writers of the erotic and pessimistic school of fiction will marry one another rather than ordinary mortals who are still possessed of scruples and beliefs.

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day are about to add a volume to the literature of the tenement, which is making a field for itself here as well as in London. *Moody's Lodging-house and other Tenement Sketches*, by Alvan F. Sanborn, is the result of careful research and observation. Like Arthur Morrison, whose *Tales of Mean Streets* has been so popular on the other side (published here by Roberts Brothers), Mr. Sanborn has brought to his work the training and experience which his official labours in settlement institutions, and especially at Andover House, have given him. He has also travelled a good deal and has studied tenement life in London, so that his work has the savour of great expectation, and will be eagerly perused when it appears. Mr. Sanborn's name will not be unfamiliar to readers of the *Arena* and the *Forum*.

❀

Jacques Damour, and other Stories, translated from the French of Émile Zola by William Foster Apthorp, which we announced some months ago, has now been published. The publishers have made the binding after the French manner in yellow cloth, with the title-page reproduced in black on the cover, making it a delicate piece of book-work. Most of the stories in the book have been translated for the first time. A new volume of poems entitled *The Magic House*, by the Canadian poet, Duncan Campbell, is also about to issue from the same house, and in October there will appear the initial volume of a series of small books of verse. The series has not yet been named; the first volume is entitled *Dumb in June*, and is by Richard Burton.

❀

The name of the new poet on whose discovery by Messrs. Copeland and Day we commented last month is William Lindsay, and the title of his book of poems, which will not be published probably until November, is to be *Apples of Istakhar*. The following quatrain indicates the drift of his title:

"Life, like the apples of old Istakhar,
A fruit half sweet, half bitter-baned doth bring;
Shade-cursed and sun-caressed by turns they are;
Shade-cursed and sun-caressed the songs I sing."

"My Mother's Picture" is finely conceived:

"Out of an oval frame there looks at me
My mother's face; a dawning womanhood
Serves to enrich its girlish gaiety
With earnest gaze, dream of God's greater good."

Here is a dainty bit of New England coquetry in verse:

"I tyed Kate's shoe, she paused a lyttle space,
And shewed to me ye truant sylken lace,
Lyfting a flounce of flowering brocade,
And lawnie skirts, where fragrant odours played.
'Wilt tye my shoe?' she asked, and paused apace."

❀

The author of *A Dead Man's Diary, Sorrow and Song* and *A Book of Strange Sins* has written a strange and fascinating little volume. "In *God and the Ant*," says Ian Maclaren, "Mr. Kernahan has addressed himself to the problem which exercised the minds of the Psalmists and lies as a burden on the most sensitive thinkers of to-day. He creates a daring situation—the arraignment of God by the victims on the other side of the grave—and uses it with strength and reverence, with earnestness also and conviction. His answer is that which commends itself to many as the only light on the darkness. This is a book to be read."

❀

The Joseph Knight Company have just published a volume containing half a dozen remarkable psychological stories by L. Clarkson Whitelock. Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, to whom *A Mad Madonna, and other Stories* is dedicated, in gratitude for his appreciation and encouragement, is enthusiastic over them. In a letter, he says, writing of them, "I have read these tales with singular interest. They are really prose poems of a high order."

❀

We have a hearty welcome for the dainty edition of Dr. Norman Macleod's little classic, *The Starling*, with which this firm has started their Round Table Library. The four half-tones taken from the original edition are exquisitely true and characteristic of the parts selected for illustration. Except for an edition which Anson D. F. Randolph and Company imported at one time we are

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not aware that there has been a fitting edition of this beautiful Scottish story brought out in America. The little comedy enacted in the village of Drumsylie with "Charlie's Bairn"—the talking starling who sings "Wha'll be King but Charlie!" and in season and out of season cries, "A Man's a Man for a' that"—is one of the most touching and humorous stories of Scottish life. It is long since we first read it, but we read it again with renewed pleasure.

❀

Fiona Macleod, the author of *Pharais* and of *The Mountain Lovers*, to which attention is called among our reviews, is qualified by birth, early association, and long familiarity to be the interpreter of Highland character and landscape. A native of the Western Isles, much of her childhood and girlhood was spent in the Inner and Outer Hebrides.

❀

Her first book, *Pharais* (now published in America by Stone and Kimball), was published last year by Mr. Frank Murray, of Derby, in his Regent Library, and almost simultaneously with another volume of the same series, *Vistas*, by Mr. William Sharp, the author's cousin. It attracted almost immediate attention from several eminent men of letters, winning praise and encouragement from Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Traill, Mr. Grant Allen, who wrote of it with enthusiasm in the *Westminster Gazette*, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson. Though it hardly gained a circulating library popularity, it had an unusual success for the first book of a young writer, and gained for Fiona Macleod more suggestions from publishers than she can fulfil, for she likes to write at her leisure. At the time of the publication of *Pharais*, *The Mountain Lovers* was partially done, but she was able to submit no more than the "Wind Prologue" (now the first chapter) to Mr. John Lane, of London, who, however, conditionally commissioned the book thereupon.

❀

Nothing else of Fiona Macleod's has appeared in print except some verses and a short tale called "The Anointed Man" in the *Evergreen*, the new Scottish quarterly. One of her poems appears below. But on the head of *Pharai* she received a commission from *Harper's Magazine*, and a collection of Celtic episodes, with illustrations, is to appear in that magazine, probably before the end of the year, under the title "From the Hebrid Isles." Her next book is to be called *The Sin-Eater*. It will be issued early in October, simultaneously in England and America—in this country by Messrs. Stone and Kimball. It consists of ten Celtic tales and episodes. The longest are the title story and "The Dan-nan-Ròn." The backgrounds are nearly all situated in the Inner or Outer Isles (Iona, Mull, Skye, or South Uist, Benbecula, and the other Outer Hebrides). There is one small section called "Tragic Landscapes," comprising three tentative efforts to narrate tragically and movingly yet (in the first) without any human interest whatsoever, or (in the third) with intense human emotion conveyed entirely by extraneous suggestion.

DAY AND NIGHT.

From gray of dusk, the veils unfold
To pearl and amethyst and gold—
  Thus is the new Day woven and spun.

From glory of blue to rainbow spray,
From sunset gold to violet gray—
  Thus is the restful Night re-won.

Fiona Macleod in The Evergreen.

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THE MIGRATION OF POPULAR SONGS.

Lest the reader should find, as he easily might, some ambiguity in the title of this short paper, it may be well to explain, by way of premise, that popular songs are here taken to mean only the songs of the day, ephemeral, trivial, and of little or no musical value—the songs that spring up, as it were, in a night, that are sung and whistled and played for a few weeks or months, and are then forgotten. The songs that endure for generations, though often of no greater

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intrinsic merit, are more truly described as national songs; for the national song is by no means necessarily one whose words and music, or even the circumstances of whose composition, are associated with an historical or patriotic event. The *Ranz des Vaches*, for instance, is most truly the national air of Switzerland, though it is only a herdsman's strain ; and Bayard Taylor's poem keeps alive the fact that on the eve of the bloodiest battle of the Crimean War the Scotch regiments fed their martial spirit by singing, not the stirring music of their grandest battle hymn, *Scots wha hae*, but the simple strains of *Annie Laurie*. Just what gives vitality to some of these songs it is hard to say ; but the fact is plain enough that while most of them pass out of memory within a year, a few express in some subtle way the deeper feelings of a nation and live throughout the rest of its history. Thus *Partant pour la Syrie*, and *Ça ira*, and the *Carmagnole*, and *Yankee Doodle*, and *Marching through Georgia* will outlive the French and American republics, while *En r'v'nant de la revue*, and *Père la Victoire*, and *Just Before the Battle*, and *We Don't Want to Fight* are forgotten in a single generation. And the reason for the immortality of the one and for the oblivion of the other set is about equally mysterious.

The popular song, however, in the restricted sense of the word—the song of the whistling boy and the street piano—is at present often able to secure a brief respite from immediate forgetfulness, to cheat oblivion, and secure a second lease of life by a species of migration.

In these days, when travel is cheap and each nation, being more or less informed about its neighbour's doings, finds it an amusing thing to be imitative and cosmopolitan, the popular song is one of the objects that, like food, fashions, and literature, are amiably borrowed. Thus it happens that when some ditty has become such a nuisance in the land of its birth as to make its public rendition more or less unsafe, it suddenly disappears, and almost immediately reappears in some other country where it is treated as an attractive novelty. When it springs up again in this way among a people whose language is not that of its author, it often suffers a sea-change ; but the music is usually unaltered, while the transformation of its words is often very characteristic and amusing.

One would say *a priori* that England and America would be the greatest borrowers of the *chansonette*. As Germany is the most musical land in the world, and as France is the home of the *café chantant*, it might be supposed that the English "music hall" and the American "variety show" would find the French and German airs an inexhaustible store to borrow from. But the truth of the matter is quite the reverse, and for two very different reasons. As regards Germany, it is precisely because the Germans are so musical that the foreign conveyer of popular songs finds so little to appropriate. The German's taste in music is so educated, and he takes his music so seriously as to make nonsense-songs, such as those of our country and of England, appear to him neither amusing nor agreeable. They are simply monstrosities, fit only for eccentric and Philistine nations, such as he supposes us to be. The *Tingeltangel* plays no such important part in the economy of his amusements as does the *café chantant* in the diversions of the French. When he listens to music, it must be good in itself. The difference is well seen in such an establishment as Kroll's Garten, in Berlin—a place in many respects akin to the Folies Bergère, of Paris. It is an immense beer garden ; yet its open-air music is rendered by a really fine orchestra, supplemented occasionally by some of the military bands of the garrison ; while in the adjacent theatre appear singers of international celebrity, who interpret the *rôles* of the lighter of the grand operas, such as the *Meistersinger*, the *Trompeter von Säkingen*, and the *Flying Dutchman*. In fact, the German seldom descends to any lower depth, musically, than the comic opera ; and when an American, an Englishman, or a Frenchman would be humming *The Band Played On* or *Gigolette*, a German contents himself with a bit of Millöcker or Suppe—something far from classical, if you will, but by no means cheap and vulgar. And as he does not himself produce our sort of popular song, still less does he import those which we have made. Some of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas he will tolerate (the airs from the *Mikado* were rather popular in Germany at one time), and Mr. Reginald De Koven is not unknown ; but that is the limit of his toleration. It is true that in the numerous Tingeltangels our comic

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songs are often heard, but they are sung in their original form by foreign singers, English and American, and are listened to by the Germans in the same spirit in which a visitor to Chinatown enjoys the performance of a Mongolian orchestra. Hence our purveyors of popular music find nothing of the kind in Germany to appropriate; but with true American audacity they have gone straight to the classical music, and from it have filched innumerable themes. It may not be generally known, for instance, that *Annie Rooney* is taken directly, with a mere change of *tempo*, from a chorale of Bach, and that *Down went McGinty* is stolen from another. It is an amusing fact that Wagner derived the so-called bell-*motif* in *Parsifal* from the same source; so that we have the great master of modern music drinking from the same fountain of inspiration as the author of *Down went McGinty!*

Not very much is borrowed from the French either. The reason for this is to be found, I think, in the musical characteristics of the French *chansonettes*. The French popular music is eminently vivacious; it has a sort of sparkle that is eminently Gallic; but there is something about it that makes it rather unattractive to an English ear. It is too jerky; it lacks rhythm and melody; and it does not easily fix itself in the memory. It is, in fact, rather thin, and irresistibly suggests the nasal tones and cracked pianos of the *gargotes* through which it finally passes into oblivion. Hence it is not often borrowed, the exceptions being found principally in semi-military songs. These are occasionally transplanted to England and America, though they are there not sung, but arranged for military bands and for orchestras. An instance of this is the Boulangist chant, *En r'v'nant de la revue*, first sung by Paulus at the Alcazar d'Eté, and speedily taken up all over France by the partisans of the *brav' Général*. It was at once *cabled* to this country (a journalistic feat achieved by the New York

Herald), and was heard everywhere, but only as an air, no words ever having been written for it in English, so far as the present writer is informed. A later French success, *Père la Victoire*, also "created" by Paulus at the Eldorado, was at one time a good deal played by military bands in England, where it was also set to new words, but as a song it had no success. Therefore the fact remains that while we borrow French

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fashions, French cookery, French plays, and French novels, the Anglo-Saxon world cares very little for French popular songs.

Equally unsuccessful has proved the attempt to adapt for English and American use any of the numerous *canzonette* of Italy, and for the same reasons. Perhaps the last attempt to make a hit in this way was that of Miss Lottie Collins, who, after the song which is especially associated with her name had been worn threadbare, announced with a good deal of journalistic trumpeting a new one entitled *Marguérite of Monte Carlo*. This was in reality an English adaptation of a Neapolitan *canzone* by the popular song-writer, Piedigrotta, first sung at the Salone Margherita in Naples in 1892, when it caught the fancy of the populace immensely, and was soon sung, whistled, and played all over Italy. The original was called *Margarita de Parete*, and was written in dialect, the first verse being as follows :

Margarita de Parete
Era 'a sarta d' e signore ;
Se pugneva sempe e ddete
Pe penzare a Salvatore !
Margarì
'e perzo a Salvatore !
Margarì
Ma l'ommo è cacciatore !
Margarì,
Nun ce aje corpa tu !
Chello ch' è fatto è fatto,
Nun ne parlammo cchiù !

It has a good deal of swing to it, but in spite of Miss Collins's own popularity and her persistent efforts to make it a success, it fell rather flat, and never reached the street piano.

Not many of our popular airs, then, are foreign ; but a very great many of ours are caught up by the French, especially those songs whose English words have a jingle that tickles the Gallic ear with a suggestion of eccentricity. Such, for example, is an absurd but rather tuneful ditty, now much in vogue in England, though not yet well known in this country, and entitled *Linger Longer, Loo*. The original is by Messrs. Young and Sidney Jones, and it so amused the first Frenchman who heard it that it was almost immediately carried to Paris. French words were written by M. Henri Dreyfus, the English chorus being retained, and it was sung by no less a personage than the famous Yvette Guilbert, and later by Mlle. Duclerc at the Folies Bergère. The first verse of the French rendering will give a good idea of *le genre Anglaisiste*, so called :

Ça n'vous amuse pas c'que j' dis là
Moi non plus je l'atteste,
Mais il faut bien par ci par là,
Chanter de tout et l'reste.
Mon répertoire est folichon
A c'que dis'nt les familles
Aussi ma p'tite *English* chanson
Est fait' pour les jeunes filles.
Leurs papas diront c'est plus beau
Bien qu' vous n' compreniez pas un mot,
Ell's pens'ront, sûr, y'a pas d' plaisir
Du moment qu'on n' peut pas rougir !

" Linger longer, Lucy, linger longer, Loo,
How I love to linger, Lucy, linger long o' you ;
Listen while I sing, ah, tell me you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Loo !"

The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo was a great favourite with the French, and their version of it was a close paraphrase of the English, though it represented the breaker of the bank as a woman and not a man. The title of it was *J'ai fait sauter la banque à Monte Carlo*. As a rule, the music alone is taken, the French words having no reference to the original ones. Thus, *Daisy Bell*, or, as the French usually write it, *Daysey Bell*, furnished the music for a rather amusing set of verses by M. Dreyfus, who is an Anglophobe, in which *les Anglaises pour rire* are vigourously mocked—their diet of *bifteck*, *rumsteck*, and other *viandes saignantes*, their prudery, and their dress. A verse may serve to amuse the reader.

A Paris va des Anglaises
L'air sec, avec
Des appas comm' des punaises
Des dents longu's et jaun's dans l'bec
Sur l' boul'vard chacun' circule
Vêtu' comm' d'un foureau
D'un *macfarlan*' ridicule
Coiffé' d'un tout p'tit chapeau !

All right ! All right !
Rien ne les emotionne ;
All right ! All right !
Rien ne les passionne ;
Ell's ont la sech' ress' d'un' planche
Ell's ont aussi sa raideur,
Que c'soit la s'maine ou l'dimanche
Un rien offense leur pioudeur !

The chorus of this had almost as much success in France as the original enjoyed in England and the United States ; and up to the present time, when a *gamin* wishes to jeer at a stray Englishman, he greets him with the " All right !" which together with " Aoh yes !" is regarded in France as the shibboleth of the Anglo-Saxon race.

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As might be expected, *Tarara-boom-de-ay* exactly suited the *Anglaisistes*. It had scarcely appeared in England and America before a French rendering was rushed into print, in fact so rapidly that the author of it, M. Fabrice Lémon, failed to notice the exact title of the original, and altered a syllable, his version bearing the name *Tha-mara-boum-di-hé;* but it was a great success, being sung at one and the same time at four of the principal *cafés concerts*—the Alcazar, the Horloge, the Ambassadeurs, and the Folies Bergère. Before, however, any French version at all had been made, the present writer, being in a provincial town in Normandy, read one day an announcement of the local theatre to the effect that on the following evening a new one-act play would be presented, with the remarkable title *Miss Kissmy*, in which the forward manners of the typical *mees Anglaise* would be held up to the reprobation of a virtuous French audience. It was also announced as a special attraction that a certain Mlle. Dufort would, in the course of the play, sing the *célèbre chanson Anglaise*, *Tha-ra-ra-boum-der-é*. When the time came, and Mlle. Dufort appeared, she had an immense audience. The first few lines made it evident (not to the audience, however) that this ingenious young woman had shrunk from the task of "getting up" the lines of the genuine version, but had instead constructed a set of verses of her own by piecing together all the English words she had ever heard. The first verse, then, ran something like this :

Ticket tramway clergyman
Bifteck rumsteck rosbif van,
Sandwich whitebaits lady lunch
Chéri-gobler, wiskey-ponche ;
Aoh-yes all right shocking stop
Pêl-êl why-not moton-chop.
Plum-kêk miousic steamer boxe,
Boule-dogue high-life five-o'clocks.
Tharara boum der-é, etc.

It was an immense success. The audience rose at her. They knew that the English was all right, because they themselves recognised a good many of the words. She had an ovation and nine encores ; and this was probably the first rendition of the *célèbre chanson* on French soil.

It has already been noted that the French, in taking over the English popular songs, seldom or never translate the words literally. The reason of this is very characteristic. In the first place, the French mind is too logically reason-

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able to relish mere nonsense such as delights with a childish joy a typical Anglo-Saxon audience. Possibly the Gallic lack of humour also stands in the way of an appreciation of pure absurdity. In the second place, the French have an innate literary instinct that demands precision, neatness of phrasing, and point, in even the lightest verses to which they are asked to listen; and the commonplaces of our sentimental ballads are to them indescribably inane. Hence in the lines that they write for our popular music there are to be found almost always a wit and a meaning to which the English words have no claim. Yet in another way the balance is in our favour; for an unpleasant French trait almost always mars their verses—the fondness for striking the note of the uncleanly suggestive. Our English words may be utterly nonsensical, their sentiment may be commonplace and its expression mawkish, yet both words and sentiment are clean and wholesome, the nonsense is good, honest nonsense, and one never carries away, after listening to it, an unpleasant taste; and this quality in our popular songs and popular singers is far better than all the tainted wit of a Dreyfus and a Baneux, and the inspired *diablerie* of Yvette Guilbert and Duhamel. A good instance of how the French bedevil an innocent piece of fun can be seen by comparing the English popular song *Ting-a-ling* with the French version called *Ling-a-ling*, first sung by Edmée Lescot at the Casino de Paris. The English is a rollicking bit of harmless nonsense; but of the French version there is not a single stanza that I should venture to reprint.

There is one thing that seems quite remarkable in the popular songs of the French to-day, and that has a deep significance of its own. When we reflect upon the fact that France is now in reality a great armed camp, that its people are waiting with a feverish anxiety, an intense feeling of hope and fear, for the inevitable hour when they shall strike the great blow to avenge the humiliation of 1870; when one remembers how intensely martial is the spirit of the whole nation, how it is yearning for its old supremacy and the glory that was dimmed at Gravelotte and Sedan, and at the same time recalls how effusive the French temperament is, it is simply marvellous to find the singers of the people's songs silent on the one theme that lies closest to every patriotic Frenchman's heart. No ballads revile the hated Prussian; no martial songs call for the hastening of the day of reckoning; no new Béranger puts into the lyrics of the street the fierce longing that throbs in the pulses of so many millions. This very silence, ominous, universal, is the most profoundly impressive evidence of the intensity of the flame that needs no outward fanning to keep it in a glow. "The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb;" and the underlying thought seems to be this: that to recall the horrors of 1870 would be humiliating, unbearable; while to sing of what all hope for in the future would be only to play the braggart's part in the face of possibilities that make the lightest spirit shrink back with awe from their contemplation.

I have said that there is scarcely a trace in any popular song of the spirit of *revanche;* yet here and there a word, a phrase, or a turn of expression reveals it as by a flash. One of the most striking illustrations of this, and perhaps the boldest, is found in the *Marche des Treize Jours*, a song that was sung all over France not very long ago. It is professedly only a comic song, narrating the amusing experiences of a *réserviste* who goes into camp to perform his thirteen days of required military service; but the last verse strikes a different note:

Quand les treiz' jours sont terminés
L'général nous dit: "J' vous r'mercie,
Vous êtes dign's de vos ainés!
A l'appel sacré de la Patrie
Tous vous viendrez
Et me direz:

"'Les Treize Jours ne tremblent pas!
Pour repousser les hordes étrangères
Nous saurons tous dans les combats
Nous battr' comm' de vieux militaires!'"
Puis nous montrant notre drapeau
"Sachez mourir," dit-il, "pour sa défense!"
Et l'général élevant son chapeau,
Nous dit "A bientôt! Vive la France!"

There is a world of meaning to every Frenchman in that *à bientôt!*

Another of the recent popular songs in France is also very significant—this one not for its words, but for its music. It is a song that I have already mentioned—*Père la Victoire*—first sung by Paulus at the Eldorado in the winter of 1891–92. The words are nothing—the reverie of an old soldier; but the music,

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arranged by Louis Ganne for military bands, is in a way a wonderfully effective thing, a sort of cantata, whose meaning all France interpreted at once. It opens with a roll of drums and a trumpet call, as heralding the military character of its *motif*. Then comes a long strain of melancholy music, sombre, pathetic, rising almost into a wail, though still marked by the military accent. To the listener it depicts France in her humiliation, beaten to her knees by the merciless invader, betrayed, despairing. Then, as the music almost dies away, the muffled drums roll steadily, and a firmer note is struck. France lives. The years of patience, of sacrifice, of preparation have come. Stronger and clearer, the music swells again into a noble march, strong, confident, courageous. Clearer and bolder ring out the notes, faster and faster and richer and grander are the harmonies. France is once more herself, puissant, girt for battle, invincible. The hour has struck, and a storm of drums overwhelms the ear in a great crash of martial melody, with the trumpets once more ringing out, this time exultant in the fierce joy of victory! It is the musical apotheosis of *la revanche*. Professional musicians may call it a poor thing, but when rendered by a fine military band, as I have often heard it, it has always seemed to me inexpressibly thrilling; and with its hidden meanings it must quicken the pulse and stir the blood of every one who loves France and her chivalrous people.

Harry Thurston Peck.

NUIT DE SEPTEMBRE.

La nuit est pleine de silence,
  Et dans une étrange lueur,
Et dans une douce indolence,
  La lune dort comme une fleur.

Parmi les rochers, dans le sable,
  Sous les grands puis, d'un calme amer,
Surgit mon amour périssable—
  Faim de tes yeux, soif de ta chair.

Je suis ton amant, et ta blonde
  Gorge tremble sous mon baiser,
Et le feu de l'amour monde
  Nos deux cœurs sans les apaiser.

Rien ne peut durer, mais ta bouche
  Est telle qu'un fruit fait de sang;
Tout passe, mais ta main me touche,
  Et je me donne en frémissant.

Tes yeux verts me regardent: j'aime
  Le clair de lune de tes yeux,
Et je ne vois dans le ciel même
  Que ton corps rare et radieux.

George Moore.

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MAURICE MAETERLINCK AT HOME.

The character and expression of Maurice Maeterlinck are not easy to analyse nor to describe with a few bold strokes of the pen. Quite contrary to that which is ordinarily seen in an artist, who often represents in his person and in his life the antipodes of that which he is in his works, the young Belgian symbolist has in himself—in his physiognomy first of all, in his voice, his manner, and, above all, perhaps in the accumulation of qualities that constitute the *ego*—the personality of a *somebody*, like a pale reflection of the individual character which, vague and profound at the same time, distinguishes his artistic inspirations. Consequently if his different works are clear only to a restricted number of select and initiated spirits, so indeed his speech, his expression, and his exterior personality do not reveal more quickly the secret of a soul that you persist, however, in wishing to probe, because you feel that it is worth the trouble.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

But one does not wish general impressions, and, above all, psychic impressions. One wishes precise indications, clear descriptions, a sort of passport that includes besides the lines of his face, the *modus vivendi* of the artist.

First of all there is not the slightest romance in the genesis of the artistic growth of this young spirit, not the least eccentricity in his manner, in his dress, in his speech, or in his way of living to furnish entertainment to the readers of the *Princesse Maleine*.

Maurice Maeterlinck was born at Ghent in the autumn of the year 1862, in a purely Ghentish family, into which, perhaps, since he has certain brilliant traits, some drops of Spanish blood have entered. He is sprung from burgher stock from the upper provincial burgher class that in Europe still incarnates in itself the immobile prejudices that kill. Maeterlinck has a brother who is a

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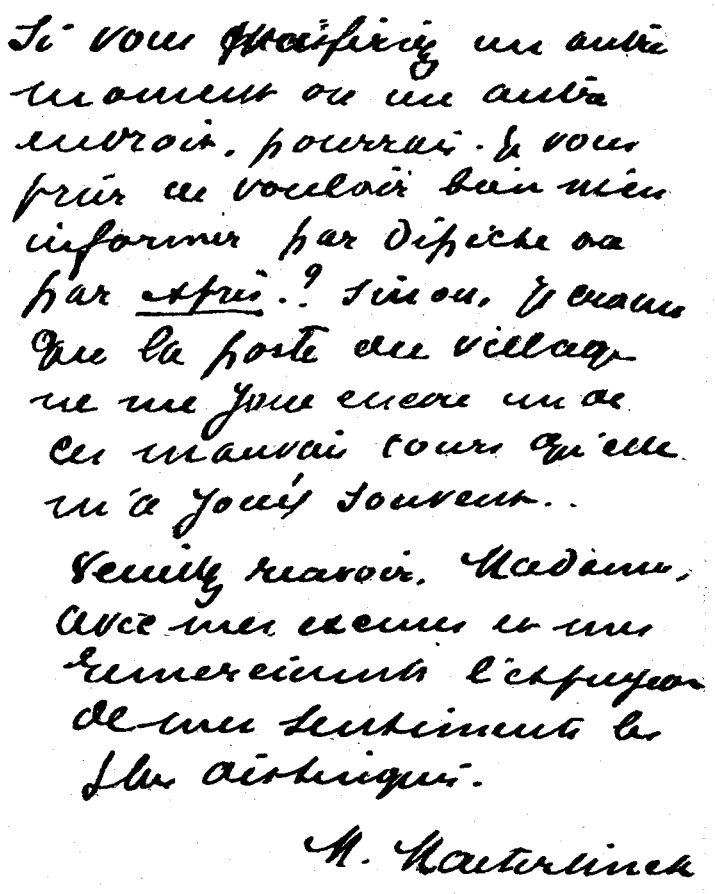
notary, and he himself is a lawyer, a position he occupies to meet the ordinary exigencies that demand that you have a classified profession. But as he himself says quaintly, "That doesn't bother me."

His life began like that of all who are not hard pressed by the struggle for existence. The young man attended the Jesuit College in the most orthodox Catholic city of all Belgium. While there he sacrificed the study of mathematics to that of literature, and along with other comrades indulged in juvenile inspirations under the cover of his black desk during the algebra class. These make up the sum of his college peccadilloes. But all this characterization is not Maeterlinck, who probably more than any one else was unconscious of what he wished to be or was able to be, and did not feel himself really pushed to scale the heights until he met at Paris, where he spent a year, the great and yet unknown writer, Villiers de l'Ile Adam. Of this admirable poet, whom Paris has known so little during so many years, the young author of *L'Intruse* speaks with a respect and an enthusiasm that redound greatly to his credit.


Si vous désirez une autre réponse ou une autre entrevue, pourrai-je vous prier de vouloir bien me informer par dépêche ou par exprès ? Sinon, je crains que la poste du village ne me fasse encore un de ces mauvais tours qu'elle m'a joués souvent.

Veuillez recevoir, Madame, avec mes excuses et mes remerciements l'expression de mes sentiments les plus distingués.

M. Maeterlinck

During this year he was truly the neophyte, the spiritual son of this elevated mind, and you can thus naturally explain the light that then came along the proper lines to the young citizen of Ghent. He returned to his native Flanders inspired with a new spirit, and, favoured by a possibility of interior isolation, he was able soon to forget the hostile, ugly, and narrow cage wherein the spirits of his compatriots were housed.

I am quite convinced that on the banks of the solitary canals, on the waste stretches that shut them in, and in the silence of a city almost inanimate, he caught his manner of reserve, almost of disdain for noise and bustle, which is the characteristic trait of his physiognomy and which inspires the tone of his work. The profession of lawyer was indeed the one least suited to this thinker with closed lips, who has almost nothing to say to you.

Almost always the human mind, in order to creep out of its shell, needs some intellectual aid to teach it to make use of itself. In his case this was done by the reading of a very beautiful book, *Les Flaireurs*, by Van Lerberghe, another writer of Ghent, who directly prompted in Maeterlinck the courage to write his first book, in which he broke away from his young contemporaries.

His literary life began thus in a city, in a family, in a *milieu*, which ought not to have distracted him at all from that which he was going to see, from that

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which he was about to observe in the heart of visible things. Here he showed a characteristic touch. Like all young writers, he had neither money nor a publisher. Then, in quite an original manner, he himself printed, with a press that one of his friends owned, the first work that revealed him, and he turned the mechanism that gave us the verses entitled *Terres Chaudes*.

The deserved but noisy and somewhat snobbish fame that sprang up suddenly and universally about his first writings, the rapidity with which they have been circulated abroad and translated in both hemispheres, even among people of far different genius, have destroyed in the poet from Ghent neither his love of acquisition nor his very sympathetic simplicity, nor (and I have been able to note it with joy) the artist's disdainful dignity.

As in his childhood, he still lives with his parents during the winter in an ordinary city house in a modern quarter of Ghent, where the most ingenious reporter would not be able to glean the smallest suggestive description. A hideous dark-green wall-paper, covered with enormous golden lilies, still makes my eyelids wink even at the thought of it. The dark-green paper speaks much of the young poet's resignation to external things. In the summer he accompanies his family to Oostacker, several miles distant from Ghent. Here, in a Flemish cottage, he dreams, he thinks, he reads, and he writes. He walks a great deal also, and accuses himself of never hesitating to relinquish his pen in favour of the bright sunshine. Maeterlinck adds that he is an early riser, waking at 6 o'clock, that he is sociable or silent, as the case may be, and that his habits of writing are quite irregular.

He does not improvise; besides an improviser could not have the depth of expression which is becoming more and more pronounced even in his articles for papers and reviews. And so, if I cannot point out to you in Maeterlinck's process of work anything particularly startling, nor in the history of his life any journalistic distinction, nor in his daily habits any stupid preoccupation to make him remarked, you must know that the author of *Les Aveugles* is physically a most solidly built person, and the least nervous artist in the world. A contrary report is current, I know. He is quite tall, and his whole body breathes out health and perfect poise. The Flemish breadth of shoulder has stamped his race. Nothing is more truly healthful than his physical being, nothing more calm, more thoughtful, and even more cold, in the sense a little erroneous that is given to this word, physiologically speaking. Poise is there, and perhaps also that which you could call self-possession. His Flemish blood would lie if it had not stamped on his face this mixture of disdain and of a fierce and concentrated expression —a characteristic of his countrymen— and he would be false to Belgium, in his own person, if he did not add to this nature a little latent raillery, the quiet, provoking satire of a man from the demi-north so different from the quick, light malice of the Gallo-Latin. With these general traits I am glad to remark the deep and dreamy melancholy that softens his features, and a smile which is very genial (for his mouth could not deceive), refining his strong Flemish jaw, and makes young and almost clear that which the contemplative expression conceals. His face hardly shows his age, and yet, like almost all artists of this interesting generation, his eyes and forehead show the advancing growth of spirituality. To complete this portrait, conceive Maeterlinck as a true sportsman, skating in winter, canoeing in summer, and bicycling over the fertile plains of his native country. This constant exercise is the explanation of his good health—a great lesson and a much greater example to his inactive young contemporaries.

I also learned during a flying visit, that which you will find singularly bare of sensational detail, that in the country the author of the *Sept Princesses* is passionately devoted to agriculture. To the deductive spirit it will be clearly evident that Maeterlinck is a true observer, and is always working when he does not write, thus bringing him closer to Nature and inhaling the sweet secrets of her creative power.

This new genius, whom the active would call quasi-indolent, has already published a great number of works in a short time. I have added here the chronological list of his works, which the author himself gave me, and in it are not included his numerous articles in magazines, papers, and reviews.

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You must have read the very curious preface that Maurice Maeterlinck has written for the superb translation of your great Emerson done by a woman, a Dutch Belgian, who is everywhere considered to be a superior intelligence, and has translated into French your profound American thinker without once misinterpreting the original. There is a great harmony between the writer of this preface and the translator, which makes the personal value of each more observable. I attach to this article, which recalls only in a vague way, the classic "interview," a fragment of the writing of Maurice Maeterlinck.

Magdeleine Pidoux.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Is this world the same world,
  That thou hast known before?
Is thy heart the same heart,
  That sorrow brooded o'er?
O world, so kind, so beautiful,
  O heart, so strong, so true,
I bid you sing of a strange, sweet thing,
  Of a world in a heart made new.

Old world, old world, no wonder you laugh,
  With your wealth of autumn sheaves;
No wonder your forest trees rejoice
  In their myriad falling leaves!
The sheaves, the sheaves, shall be garnered in,
  Lest the children cry for bread;
For the leaves? Let them die! They have lived their day,
  Let them now live their night, instead.

Old world, we know Whose hand's at the helm
  Of the ship that carries us twain!
Old world, who cares for a last year's leaf,
  When spring hath come again?
Oh! a myriad leaves on a single tree,
  And a myriad trees in the land,
And a myriad griefs in each human heart:
  And He holdeth them all in His hand!

Is this world the old world
  Thy heart was troubled o'er?
Is thy heart the old heart,
  Now sorrow broods no more?
O heart, so free, so loving-full,
  O world, so glad, so true,
I give you a song for the whole year long,
  Of a world, through a heart, made new.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

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DRUMSHEUGH'S REWARD.*

By the Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

People tell us that if you commit a secret to a dweller in the city, and exact pledges of faithfulness, the confidence will be proclaimed on the housetops within twenty-four hours, and yet no charge of treachery can be brought against your friend. He has simply succumbed to the conflict between the habit of free trade in speech and the sudden embargo on one article. Secret was engraved on his face and oozed from the skirts of his garments, so that every conversational detective saw at a glance that the man was carrying treasure, and seized it at his will.

When one told a secret thing to his neighbour in Drumtochty, it did not make a ripple on the hearer's face, and it disappeared as into a deep well. "Aye, aye" was absolutely necessary as an assurance of attention, and the farthest expression of surprise did not go beyond, "That wesna chancy." Whether a Drumtochty man ever turned over secrets in the recesses of his mind, no one can tell, but when Jamie Soutar, after an hour's silence, one evening withdrew his pipe and said "Sall" with marked emphasis, it occurred to me that he may have been digesting an event. Perhaps the law of silence was never broken except once, but that was on a royal scale, when William MacLure indirectly let out the romance of Drumsheugh's love to Marget Howe, and afterwards was forgiven by his friend.

Marget had come to visit the doctor about a month before he died, bearing gifts, and after awhile their conversation turned to George.

"Dinna speak aboot ma traivellin' tae see ye," Marget said; "there's no a body in the Glen but is behaddit tae ye, an' a' can never forget what ye did for ma laddie yon lang simmer-time."

"A' did naethin', an' nae man can dae muckle-in that waesome tribble. It aye taks the cleverest laddies an' the bonniest lassies; but a' never hed a heavier hert than when a' saw Geordie's face that aifternoon. There's nae fechtin' decline."

"Ye mak ower little o' yir help, doctor; it wes you 'at savit him frae pain an' keepit his mind clear. Withoot you he cudna hae workit on tae the end or seen his freends. A' the Glen cam up tae speir for him, and say a cheery word tae their scholar.

"Did a' ever tell ye that Posty wud gang roond a gude half mile oot o' his road gin he hed a letter for Geordie juist tae pit it in his hands himsel? and Posty's another man sin then; but wha div ye think wes kindest aifter Domsie an' yersel?"

"Wha wes't?" but MacLure lifted his head, as if he had already heard the name.

"Aye, ye're richt," answering the look of his friend, "Drumsheugh it wes, an' a' that simmer he wes sae gentle and thochtfu' the Glen wudna hae kent him in oor gairden.

"Ye've seen him there yersel, but wud ye believe 't, he cam three times a week, and never empty-handed. Ae day it wud be some tasty bit frae Muirtown tae gar Geordie eat, another it wud be a buke the laddie hed wantit tae buy at College, an' a month afore Geordie left us, if Drumsheugh didna come up ae Saiturday wi' a parcel he hed gotten a' the way frae London.

"'Whatna place is this, George?' an' he taks aff the cover an' holds up the picture. It wud hae dune ye gude tae hae seen the licht in the laddie's een. 'Athens,' he cried, an' then he reached oot his white hand tae Drumsheugh, but naethin' wes said.

"They were at it the hale forenoon, Geordie showin' the Temple the Greeks set up tae Wisdom, an' the theatre in the shadow of the hill whar the Greek prophets preached their sermons; an' as a' gied oot an' in, Geordie wud read a bonnie bit, and Domsie himsel cudna hae been mair interested than Drumsheugh. The deein' scholar an' the auld fairmer. . . ."

"Aye, aye," said MacLure.

"Ae story Geordie telt me never ran dry wi' Drumsheugh, an' he aye askit tae hear it as a treat till the laddie grew ower sober—aboot twa lovers in the auld

* See September BOOKMAN for the first part of this story, entitled "Drumsheugh's Love Story."

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days, that were divided by an airm o' the sea, whar the water ran in a constant spate, and the lad hed tae sweem across tae see his lass. She held a licht on high tae guide him, an' at the sicht o't he cared naethin' for the danger; but ae nicht the cauld, peetiless water gied ower his head, and her torch burned oot. Puir faithfu' lass, she flung hersel into the black flood, and deith jined them where there's nae partin'."

"He likit that, did he?" said MacLure, with a tone in his voice, and looking at Marget curiously.

"Best o' a' the ancient things George gied him in the gairden, an' ae day he nearly grat, but it wesna for their deith.

"'Na, na,' he said tae George, 'a' coont him happy, for he hed a reward for the black crossin'; laddie, mony a man wud be wullin' tae dee gin he wes luved. What think ye o' a man fechtin' through the ford a' his life wi' nae kindly licht?'

"Geordie wes wae for him, an' telt me in the gloamin', an' it set me thinkin'. Cud it be that puir Drumsheugh micht hae luved an' been refused, an' naebody kent o't? Nane but the Almichty sees the sorrow in ika heart, an' them 'at suffers maist says least.

"It cam tae me that he must hae luved, for he wes that conseederate wi' Geordie, sae wummanlike in his manner wi' the pillows and shawls, sae wilie in findin' oot what wud please the laddie; he learned yon in anither place than Muirtown Market. Did ye . . . ever hear onything, doctor? It's no for clashin' (gossip) a' wud ask, but for peety an' his gudeness tae ma bairn."

"Is't likely he wud tell ony man, even though he be his freend?" and MacLure fenced bravely, "did ye hear naethin' in the auld days when ye wes on Drumsheugh?"

"No a whisper; he wes never in the mooth o' the Glen, an' he wesna the same then; he wes quiet and couthy, ceevil tae a' the workin' fouk; there wes nae meanness in Drumsheugh in thae days. A've often thocht nae man in a' the Glen wud hae made a better husband tae some gude wumman than that Drumsheugh. It passes me hoo he turned sae hard and near for thirty years. But dinna ye think the rael Drumsheugh hes come oot again?"

The doctor seemed to be restraining speech.

"He's no an ordinary man, whatever the Glen may think," and Marget seemed to be meditating. "Noo he wudna enter the hoose, an' he wes that agitat that aince when a' brocht him his tea he let the cup drop on the graivel. Be sure there's twa fouk in every ane o's—ae Drumsheugh 'at focht wi' the dealers an' lived like a miser, an' anither that gied the money for Tammas Mitchell's wife an' nursit ma laddie."

MacLure would have been sadly tried in any case, but it was only a week ago Drumsheugh had made his confession. Besides, he was near the end, and his heart was jealous for his friend. It seemed the worse treachery to be silent.

"There's juist ae Drumsheugh, Marget Hoo, as ye're a leevin' wumman, him ye saw in the gairden, wha wud hae denied himsel a meal o' meat tae get thae pictures for yir . . . for Geordie.

"The Glen disna ken Drumsheugh, and never wull this side o' the grave," and the doctor's voice was ringing with passion, and something like tears were in his eyes; "but gin there be a jidgment an' . . . books be opened, the'll be ane for Drumtochty, and the bravest page in it 'ill be Drumsheugh's.

"Ye're astonished, an' it's nae wunder"—for the look in Marget's grey eyes demanded more—"but what a' say is true. It hes never been for himsel he's pinched an' bargained; it wes for . . . for a freend he wantit tae help, an' that wes aye in tribble. He thocht 'at it micht . . . hurt his freend's feelin's and pit him tae shame in his pairish gin it were kent, so he took the shame himsel. A' daurna tell ye mair, for it wud be brakin' bonds atween man and man, but ye've herd enouch tae clear Drumsheugh's name wi ae wumman."

"Mair than cleared, doctor," and Marget's face glowed, "far mair, for ye've shown me that the Sermon on the Mount is no a dead letter the day, an' ye've lifted the clood frae a gude man. Noo a'll juist hae the rael Drumsheugh, Geordie's Drumsheugh," and again Marget thanked MacLure.

For the moment the heroism of the deed had carried her away, but as she went home the pity of it all came over her. For the best part of his life had this man been toiling and suffering, all that another might have comfort, and all this travail without the recompense of love. What patience, humility, ten-

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derness, sacrifice lay in unsuspected people. How long? . . . Perhaps thirty years, and no one knew, and no one said "Well done!" He had veiled his good deeds well, and accepted many a jest that must have cut him to the quick. Marget's heart began to warm to this unassuming man as it had not done even by Geordie's chair.

The footpath from the doctor's to Whinnie Knowe passed along the front of the hill above the farm of Drumsheugh, and Marget came to the cottage where she had lived with her mother in the former time. It was empty, and she went into the kitchen. How home-like it had been in those days, and warm, even in winter, for Drumsheugh had made the wright board over the roof and put in new windows. Her mother was never weary speaking of his kindness, yet they were only working people. The snow had drifted down the wide chimney and lay in a heap on the hearth, and Marget shivered. The sorrow of life came upon her—the mother and the son now lying in the kirkyard. Then the blood rushed to her heart again, for love endures and triumphs. But sorrow without love . . . her thoughts returned to Drumsheugh, whose hearthstone was cold indeed. She was now looking down on his home, set in the midst of the snow. Its cheerlessness appealed to her—the grey sombre house where this man, with his wealth of love, lived alone. Was not that Drumsheugh himself crossing the laigh field, a black figure on the snow, with his dog behind him . . . going home where there was none to welcome him . . . thinking, perhaps, what might have been? . . . Suddenly Marget stopped and opened a gate. . . . Why should he not have company for once in his lonely life . . . if the woman he loved had been hard to him, why should not one woman whom he had not loved take her place for one half hour?

When Drumsheugh came round the corner of the farmhouses, looking old and sad, Marget was waiting, and was amazed at the swift change upon him.

"Ye didna expect me," she said, coming to meet him with the rare smile that lingered round the sweet curves of her lips, "an' maybe it's a leeberty a'm takin'; but ye ken kindness breaks a' barriers, an' for the sake o' Geordie a' cudna pass yir hoose this nicht withoot tellin' that ye were in ma hert."

Drumsheugh had not one word to say, but he took her hand in both of his for an instant, and then, instead of going in by the kitchen, as all visitors were brought, save only the minister and Lord Kilspindie, he led Marget round to the front door with much ceremony. It was only in the lobby he found his tongue, and still he hesitated, as one overcome by some great occasion.

"Ye sud be in the parlour, Marget Hoo, but there's no been a fire there for mony a year; wull ye come intae ma ain bit room? . . . A' wud like tae see ye there," and Marget saw that he was trembling, as he placed her in a chair before the fire.

"Ye were aince in this room," he said, and now he was looking at her wistfully; "div ye mind? it's lang syne."

"It wes when a' cam tae pay oor rent afore we flitted, and ye hed tae seek for change, an' a' thocht ye were angry at oor leavin'."

"No angry, na, na, a' wesna angry . . . it cuist me half an oor tae find some siller, an' a' the time ye were sittin' in that verra chair . . . that wes the Martinmas ma mither deed . . . ye 'ill no leave withoot yir tea."

After he had gone to tell Leezbeth of his guest, Marget looked round the room, with its worn furniture, its bareness and comfortlessness. This was all he had to come to on a Friday night when he returned from market; out and in here he would go till he died. One touch of tenderness there was in the room, a portrait of his mother above the mantelpiece, and Marget rose to look at it, for she had known her, a woman of deep and silent affection. A letter was lying open below the picture, and this title, printed in clear type at the head, caught Marget's eye:

"Macfarlane and Robertson, Writers,
Kilspindie Buildings,
Muirtown."

Marget's heart suddenly stood still, for it was the firm that sent the seasonable remittances from Whinnie's cousin. This cousin had always been a mystery to her, for Whinnie could tell little about him, and the writers refused all information whatever, allowing them to suppose that he was in America, and chose to give his aid without communication. It

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had occurred to her that very likely he was afraid of them hanging on a rich relation, and there were times when she was indignant and could not feel grateful for this generosity. Other times she had longed to send a letter in her name and Whinnie's, telling him how his gifts had lightened their life and kept them in peace and honesty at Whinnie Knowe; but the lawyers had discouraged the idea, and she had feared to press it.

What if this had all been a make-believe, and there had been no cousin . . . and it had been Drumsheugh who had done it all. . . . Was this the object of all his sacrifice . . . to keep a roof above their heads . . . and she had heard him miscalled for a miser and said nothing . . . how could she look him in the face . . . no, she was sure of it, although there was no proof. . . . A grey light had been gathering all the afternoon in her mind, and now the sun had risen, and everything was light.

Any moment he might come in, and she must know for certain; but it was Leezbeth that entered to lay the tea, looking harder than ever, and evidently seeing no call for this outbreak of hospitality.

"The maister's gaen upstairs tae clean himsel," said the housekeeper, with a suggestion of contempt. "A' saw naethin' wrang wi' him masel." But Leezbeth was not one that could move Marget to anger at any time, and now she was waiting for the sight of Drumsheugh's face.

He came in twenty years younger than she had seen him in that dreary field, and, speaking to her as if she had been the Countess of Kilspindie, asked her to pour out the tea.

"Drumsheugh," and he started at the note of earnestness, "before a' sit doon at yir table there's ae question a' have tae ask an' ye maun answer. Ye may think me a forward wumman, an' ma question may seem like madness, but it's come intae ma mind, an' a'll hae nae rest till it's settled."

Marget's courage was near the failing for it struck her how little she had to go on, and how wild was her idea; but it was too late to retreat, and she also saw the terror on his face.

Drumsheugh stood silent, his eyes fixed on her face, and his hand tightened on the back of a chair.

"Is't you . . . are ye the freend 'at hes helped ma man an' me through a' oor tribbles?"

Had he been prepared for the ordeal, or had she opened with a preface, he would have escaped somehow, but all his wiles were vain before Marget's eyes.

"Ye were wi' William MacLure," and Drumsheugh's voice quivered with passion, "an' he telt ye. A'll never forgie him, no, never, nor speak ae word tae him again, though he be the best man in a' the Glen, an' ma dearest freend."

"Dinna blame Doctor MacLure, for a' he did wes in faithfulness an' luve," and Marget told him how she had made her discovery; "but why sud ye be angry that the fouk ye blessed at a sair cost can thank ye face tae face?"

Marget caught something about "a pund or twa," but it was not easy to hear, for Drumsheugh had gone over to the fireplace and turned away his face.

"Mony punds; but that's the least o't; it's what ye paid for them a' thae years o' savin', and what ye did wi' them, a'm rememberin'. Weelum micht never hev hed a hoose for me, an' a' micht never hev hed ma man, an' he micht hae gaen oot o' Whinnie Knowe and been brokenherted this day hed it no been for you.

"Sic kindness as this hes never been kent in the Glen, an' yet we're nae blude tae you, nor mair than onybody in the pairish. Ye 'ill lat me thank ye for ma man an' Geordie an' masel', an' ye 'ill tell me hoo ye ever thocht o' showin' us sic favour." Marget moved over to Drumsheugh and laid her hand on him in entreaty. He lifted his head and looked her in the face.

"Marget!" and then she understood.

He watched the red flow over all her face and fade away again, and the tears fill her eyes and run down her cheeks, before she looked at him steadily, and spoke in a low voice that was very sweet.

"A' never dreamed o' this, an' a'm not worthy o' sic luve, whereof I hev hed much fruit an' ye hev only pain."

"Ye're wrang, Marget, for the joy hes gien ower the pain, an' a've hed the greater gain. Luve roosed me tae wark an' fecht wha micht hae been a ne'er-dae-weel. Luve savit me frae greed o' siller an' a hard hert. Luve kept me clean in thocht an' deed, for it was ever Marget by nicht an' day. If a'm a man the day, ye did it, though ye micht never

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hae kent it. It's little a' did for ye, but ye've dune a'thing for me . . . Marget."

After a moment he went on :

"Twenty year ago a' cudna hae spoken wi' ye safely, nor taken yir man's hand withoot a grudge ; but there's nae sin in ma luve this day, and a' wudna be ashamed though yir man heard me say, 'A' luve ye, Marget.'"

He took her hand and made as though he would have lifted it to his lips, but as he bent she kissed him on the forehead. "This," she said, "for yir great and faithfu' luve."

They talked of many things at tea, with joy running over Drumsheugh's heart ; and then they spoke of Geordie all the way across the moor, on which the moon was shining. They parted at the edge, where Marget could see the lights of her home, and Drumsheugh caught the sorrow of her face, for him that had to go back alone to an empty house.

"Dinna peety me, Marget ; a've hed ma reward, an' a'm mair than content."

On reaching home, he opened the family Bible at a place that was marked, and this was what he read to himself : "They which shall be accounted worthy . . . neither marry nor are given in marriage . . . but are as the angels of God in heaven."

Ian Maclaren.

ON LITERARY CONSTRUCTION.

II.

There are some questions of construction in novels connected with this main question of the really narrative or partially dramatic form of construction, of the directness or complication of arrangement. One of these is the question of what I would call the *passive* description, by which I mean the setting up, as it were, of an elaborate landscape, or other background, before the characters are brought on the stage. The expression I have just used, "brought on the stage," shows you that I connect this particular mode of proceeding with the novel in scenes. And it is easy to understand that, once the writer allows himself to think of any event happening as it would on the stage, he will also wish to prepare a suitable background, and, moreover, most often a chorus and set of supernumeraries ; a background which, in the reality, the principal characters would perhaps not be conscious of, and a chorus which, also in the reality, would very probably not contribute in the least to the action. Another drawback, by the way, of the construction in scenes and connecting links is, that persons have to be invented to elicit the manifestation of the principal personage's qualities : you have to invent episodes to show the good heart of the heroine, the valour of the hero, the pedantry of the guardian, etc., and meanwhile the real action stops ; or, what is much worse, the real action is most unnaturally complicated by such side business, which is merely intended to give the reader information that he either need not have at all, or ought to get in some more direct way. Note that there is all the difference in the world between an episode like that of the gallows on the road to Pilrig, which is intended to qualify the whole story by inducing a particular frame of mind in the reader, and an episode like that of Dorothea (in *Middlemarch*) sharing her jewels with her sister on the very afternoon of Mr. Casaubon's first appearance, and which is merely intended to give the reader necessary information about Dorothea ; information that might have been quite simply conveyed by saying, whenever it was necessary, "Now Dorothea happened to be a very ascetic person, with a childishly deliberate aversion to the vanities." This second plan would have connected Dorothea's asceticism with whatever feelings and acts really sprang from it ; while the first plan merely gives you a feeling of too many things happening in one day, and of Mr. Casaubon appearing, not simply as a mere new visitor, but as the destined husband of Dorothea. For, remember that the reader tends to attribute to the personages of a book whatever feelings you set up in him, so that, if you make the reader feel that

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Casaubon is going to be the bridegroom, you also, in a degree, make Dorothea feel that Casaubon is to be the bridegroom. And that, even for Dorothea, is rather precipitate.

Another question of construction is the one I should call the question of *retrospects*. The retrospect is a frequent device for dashing into the action at once, and putting off the evil day of explaining why people are doing and feeling in the particular way in which we find them, on the rising of the curtain. This, again, is a dramatic device, being indeed nothing but the narrative to or by the confidants which inevitably takes place in the third or fourth scene of the first act of a French tragedy, with the author in his own costume taking the place of the nurse, bosom friend, captain of the guard, etc. The use of this retrospect, of this sort of folding back of the narrative, and the use of a number of smaller artifices of fore-shortening the narrative, seems to me not disagreeable at all in the case of the short story. The short story is necessarily much more artificial than the big novel, owing to its very shortness, owing to the initial unnaturalness of having isolated one single action or episode from the hundred others influencing it, and to the unnaturalness of having, so to speak, reduced everybody to be an orphan, or a childless widow or widower, for the sake of greater brevity. And the short story, being most often thus artificially pruned and isolated, being in a measure the artificially selected expression of a given situation, something more like a poem or little play, sometimes actually gains by the discreet display of well-carried-out artifices. While, so far as I can see, the big novel never does.

There is yet another constructive question about the novel—the most important question of all—whose existence the lay mind probably does not even suspect, but which, I am sure, exercises more than any other the mind of any one who has attempted to write a novel; even as the layman, contemplating a picture, is apt never to guess how much thought has been given to determining the place where the spectator is supposed to see from, whether from above, below, from the right or the left, and in what perspective, consequently, the various painted figures are to appear. This supreme constructive question in the novel is exactly analogous to that question in painting; and in describing the choice by the painter of the point of view, I have described also that most subtle choice of the literary craftsman: choice of the point of view whence the personages and action of a novel are to be seen. For you can see a person, or an act, in one of several ways, and connected with several other persons or acts. You can see the person from nobody's point of view, or from the point of view of one of the other persons, or from the point of view of the analytical, judicious author. Thus, Casaubon may be seen from Dorothea's point of view, from his own point of view, from Ladislaw's point of view, or from the point of view of George Eliot; or he may be merely made to talk and act without any explanation of why he is so talking and acting, and that is what I call nobody's point of view. Stories of adventure, in which the mere incident is what interests, without reference to the psychological changes producing or produced by that incident, are usually written from nobody's point of view. Much of Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon is virtually written from nobody's point of view; and so are the whole of the old Norse sagas, the greater part of Homer and the *Decameron*, and the whole of *Cinderella* and *Jack the Giant-Killer*. We moderns, who are weary of psychology—for poor psychology is indeed a weariness—often find the lack of point of view as refreshing as plain water compared with wine, or tea, or syrup. But once you get a psychological interest, once you want to know, not merely what the people did or said, but what they thought or felt, the point of view becomes inevitable, for acts and words come to exist only with reference to thoughts and feelings, and the question comes, Whose thoughts or feelings?

This is a case of construction, of craft. But it is a case where construction is most often determined by intuition, and where craft comes to be merged in feeling. For, after having separated the teachable part of writing from the unteachable, we have come at last to one of the thousand places—for there are similar places in every question, whether of choice of single words or of construction of whole books—where the teachable and the unteachable unite, where craft itself becomes but the expression of

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genius. So, instead of trying to settle what points of view are best, and how they can best be alternated or united, I will now state a few thoughts of mine about that which settles all questions of points of view, and alone can settle them satisfactorily—the different kinds of genius of the novelist.

I believe that the characters in a novel which seem to us particularly vital are those that to all appearance have never been previously analysed or rationally understood by the author, but are, on the contrary, those which, connected always by a sort of similar emotional atmosphere, have come to him as realities—realities emotionally borne in upon his innermost sense.

Mental science may perhaps some day, by the operation of stored-up impressions, of obscure hereditary potentialities, of all the mysteries of the subconsciousness, explain the extraordinary phenomenon of a creature being apparently invaded from within by the personalities of another creature, of another creature to all intents and purposes imaginary. The mystery is evidently connected, if not identical, with the mysterious conception—not reasoned out, but merely felt, by a great actor of another man's movements, tones of voice, states of feeling. In this case, as in all other matters of artistic activity, we have all of us, if we are susceptible in that particular branch of art (otherwise we should not be thus susceptible) a rudiment of the faculty whose exceptional development constitutes the artist. And thus, from our own very trifling experience, we can perhaps, certainly not explain what happens to the great novelist in the act of creation of his great characters, but guess, without any explanation, at what does happen to him. For, in the same way that we all of us, however rudimentally, possess a scrap in ourselves of the faculty which makes the actor; so also we possess in ourselves, I think, a scrap of what makes the novelist; if we did not, neither the actor nor the novelist would find any response in us. Let me pursue this. We all possess, to a certain small degree, the very mysterious faculty of imitating, without any act of analysis, the gestures, facial expression, and tone of voice of other people; nay, more, of other people in situations in which we have never seen them. We feel that they move, look, sound like that; we feel that, under given conditions, they would necessarily move, look, and sound like that. Why they should do so, or why we should feel that they do so, we have no notion whatever. Apparently because for that moment and to that extent we *are* those people: they have impressed us somehow, so forcibly, at some time or other, they or those like them, that a piece of them, a pattern of them, a word (one might think) of this particular vital spell, the spell which sums up their mode of being, has remained sticking in us, and is there become operative. I have to talk in allegories, in formulæ which savour of cabalistic mysticism; but I am not trying to explain, but merely to recall your own experiences; and I am sure you will recognise that these very mysterious things do happen constantly to all of us.

Now, in the same way that we all feel, every now and then, that the gestures and expression and tones of voice which we assume are those of other people and of other people in other circumstances; so likewise do we all of us occasionally feel that certain ways of facing life, certain reactions to life's various contingencies—certain acts, answers, feelings, passions—are the acts, answers, feelings, passions, the reactions to life's contingencies of persons not ourselves. We say, under the circumstances, *I* should do or say so and so, but Tom, or Dick, or Harry would do or say such another thing. The matter would be quite simple if we had seen Tom, Dick, or Harry in exactly similar circumstances; we should be merely repeating what had already happened, and our forecast would be no real forecast, but a recollection. But the point is, that we have *not* seen Tom, Dick, or Harry doing or saying in the past what we thus attribute to him in the future. The matter would also be very simple if we attained to this certainty about Tom, Dick, or Harry's sayings and doings by a process of conscious reasoning. But we have not gone through any conscious reasoning; indeed, if some incredulous person challenges us to account by analysis for our conviction, we are most often unable to answer; we are occasionally even absolutely worsted in argument. We have to admit that we don't know why we think so; nay, that there is every reason to think the con-

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trary ; and yet there, down in our heart of hearts, remains a very strong consciousness, a consciousness like that of our own existence, that Tom, Dick, or Harry would, or rather will, or rather —for it comes to that—*does* say or do that particular thing. If subsequently Tom, Dick, or Harry is so perverse as not to say or do it, that, oddly enough, does not in the least obliterate the impression of our having experienced that he did say or do it, an impression intimate, warm, unanalytical, like our impressions of having done or said certain things ourselves. The discrepancy between what we felt sure must happen and what actually did happen is, I think, due to the fact that there are two persons existing under the same name, but both existing equally—Tom, Dick, or Harry as felt by himself, and Tom, Dick, or Harry as felt by us ; and although the conduct of these two persons may not have happened to coincide, the conduct of each has been perfectly organic, inevitable with reference to his nature. I suppose it is because we add to our experience, fragmentary as it needs must be, of other folk, the vitality, the unity of life, which is in ourselves. I suppose that, every now and then, whenever this particular thing I am speaking of happens, we have been tremendously impressed by something in another person—emotionally impressed, not intellectually, mind ; and that the emotion, whether of delight or annoyance, which the person has caused in us, in some way grafts a portion of that person into our own life, into the emotions which constitute our life ; and that thus our experience of the person, and our own increasing experience of ourselves, are united, and the person who is not ourselves comes to live, somehow, for our consciousness, with the same reality, the same intimate warmth, that we do.

I hazard this explanation, at best an altogether superficial one, not because I want it accepted as a necessary premise to an argument of mine, but because it may bring home what I require to make very clear—namely, the absolutely sympathetic, unanalytic, subjective creation of characters by some novelists, as distinguished from the rational, analytic, objective creation of characters by other novelists ; because I require to distinguish between the personage who has been borne in upon the novelist's intimate sense, and the personage who has been built up out of fragments of fact by the novelist's intelligent calculation. Vasari, talking of the Farnesina Palace, said that it was not "built, but really born"—*non murato ma veramente nato*. Well, some personages in novels are built up, and very well built up ; and some—some personages, but how few !—are really born.

Such personages as are thus not built up, but born, seem always to have been born (and my theory of their coming into existence is founded on this), to have been born of some strong feeling on the part of their author. Sometimes it is a violent repulsion—the strongest kind of repulsion, the organic repulsion of incompatible temperaments, which makes it impossible, for all his virtues, to love our particular Dr. Fell ; the reason why, we cannot tell. Our whole nature tingles with the discomfort which the creature causes in us. Such characters—I take them at random—are Tolstoy's M. Karenine and Henry James's Olive Chancellor. But the greater number, as we might expect, of these really born creatures of unreality are born of love—of the deep, unreasoning, permeating satisfaction, the unceasing ramifying delight in strength and audacity ; the unceasing, ramifying comfort in kindliness ; the unceasing, ramifying pity towards weakness—born of the emotion which distinguishes the presence of all such as are, by the necessity of our individual nature and theirs, inevitably, deeply, undyingly beloved. These personages may not be lovable, or even tolerable, to the individual reader—he may thoroughly detest them. But he cannot be indifferent to them ; for, born of real feeling, of the strongest of real feelings, the love of suitable temperaments, they are real, and awaken only real feeling. Such personages—we all know them !—such personages are, for instance, Colonel Newcome, Ethel Newcome ; Tolstoy's Natacha, Levine, Anna, Pierre ; Stendhal's immortal Duchess ; and those two imperfect creatures, pardoned because so greatly beloved, Tom Jones and Manon Lescaut. Their power—the power of these creatures born of emotion, of affinity, or repulsion—is marvellous and transcendent. It is such that even a lapse into impossibility—though that

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rarely comes, of course—is overlooked. The life in the creatures is such that when we are told of their doing perfectly incredible things—things we cannot believe that, being what they were, they could have done—they yet remain alive, even as real people remain alive for our feelings when we are assured that they have done things which utterly upset our conception of them. Look, for instance, at Mr. James's Olive Chancellor. It is inconceivable that she should have ever done the very thing on which the whole book rests—taken up with such a being as Verena; yet she lives. Why? Because the author has realised in her the kind of temperament—the mode of feeling and being most organically detestable to him in all womankind. Look again at Meredith's adorable Diana. She could not have sold the secret, being what she was. Well, does she fall to the ground? Not a bit. She remains and triumphs, because she triumphed over the heart of her author. There is the other class of personage—among whom are most of the personages of every novel, most of the companions of those not built up, but born; and among whom, I think, are all the characters of some of those whom the world accounts as the greatest philosophers of the human heart—all the characters, save Maggie and Tom, of George Eliot; all, I suspect, of the characters of Balzac.

Such are the two great categories into which all novelists may, I think, be divided, the synthetic and the analytic, those who feel and those who reason. According as he belongs to one category or the other, the novelist will make that difficult choice about points of view. The synthetic novelist, the one who does not study his personages, but *lives* them, is able to shift the point of view with incredible frequency and rapidity, like Tolstoy, who in his two great novels really *is* each of the principal persons turn about; so much so, that at first one might almost think there was no point of view at all. The analytic novelist, on the contrary, the novelist who does not live his personages, but studies them, will be able to see his personages only from his own point of view, telling one what they are (or what he imagines they are), not what they feel inside themselves, and, at most, putting himself at the point of view of one personage or two, all the rest being given from the novelist's point of view; as in the case of George Eliot, Balzac, Flaubert, and Zola, whose characters are not so much living and suffering and changing creatures, as illustrations of theories of life in general, or of the life of certain classes and temperaments.

It is often said that there are many more wrong ways of doing a thing than right ones. I do not think this applies to the novel, or perhaps to any work of art. There are a great number of possible sorts of excellent novels, all very different from one another, and appealing to different classes of minds. There is the purely human novel of Thackeray, and particularly of Tolstoy—human and absolutely living; and the analytic and autobiographical novel of George Eliot, born, as regards its construction, of the memoir. There is the analytic, sociological novel of Balzac, studying the modes of life of whole classes of people. There is the novel of Zola, apparently aiming at the same thing as that of Balzac, but in reality, and for all its realistic programme, using the human crowd, the great social and commercial mechanisms invented by mankind—the shop, the mine, the bourgeois house, the Stock Exchange—as so much matter for passionate lyrism, just as Victor Hugo had used the sea and the cathedral. There is the decorative novel—the fantastic idyl of rural life or of distant lands—of Hardy and Loti; and many more sorts. There is an immense variety in good work; it appeals to so many sides of the many-sided human creature, since it always, inasmuch as it is good, appeals successfully. In bad work there is no such variety. In fact, the more one looks at it, the more one is struck at its family resemblance, and the small number of headings under which it can be catalogued. In examining it, one finds, however superficially veiled, everlastingly the same old, old faults—inefficacious use of words, scattered, illogical composition, lack of adaptation of form or thought; in other words, bad construction, waste, wear and tear of the reader's attention, incapacity of manipulating his mind, the craft of writing absent or insufficient. But that is not all. In this exceedingly monotonous thing, poor work (as monotonous as good work is rich and many-sided), we find another fatal element of

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sameness: lack of the particular emotional sensitiveness which, as visual sensitiveness, makes the painter, makes the writer.

For writing—I return to my original theory, a one-sided, perhaps, but certainly also true in great part—is the art which gives us the emotional essence of the world and of life; which gives us the moods awakened by all that is and can happen, material and spiritual, human and natural—distilled to the highest and most exquisite potency in the peculiar organism called the writer. As the painter says: "Look, here is all that is most interesting and delightful and vital, all that concerns you most in the visible aspect of things, whence I have extracted it for your benefit;" so the writer on his side says: "Read; here is all that is most interesting and delightful and vital in the moods and thoughts awakened by all things; here is the quintessence of vision and emotion; I have extracted it from the world and can transfer it to your mind." Hence the teachable portion of the art of writing is totally useless without that which can neither be taught nor learned—the possession of something valuable, something vital, essential, to say.

We all of us possess, as I have remarked before, a tiny sample of the quality whose abundance constitutes the special artist; we have some of the quality of the philosopher, the painter, the musician, as we have some of the quality of the hero; otherwise, philosophy, painting, music, and heroism would never appeal to us. Similarly and by the same proof, we have all in us a little of the sensitiveness of the writer. There is no one so dull or so inarticulate as never in his or her life—say, under the stress of some terrible calamity—to have said or written some word which was memorable, never to be forgotten by him who read or heard it: in such moments we have all had the power of saying, because apparently we have had something to say; in that tremendous momentary heightening of all our perceptions we have attained to the writer's faculty of feeling and expressing the essence of things. But such moments are rare; and though the small fragments of literary or artistic faculty which we all are born with, or those are born with to whom literature and art are not mere dust and ashes, can be increased and made more efficient only to a limited degree. What we really have in our power is either to waste them in cumbering the world with work which will give no one any pleasure, or to put them to the utmost profit in giving us the highest degree of delight from the work of those who are specially endowed. Let us learn what good writing is in order to become the best possible readers.

Vernon Lee.

HE MADE THE STARS ALSO.

Vast hollow voids beyond the utmost reach
  Of suns, their legions withering at His nod,
  Died into day hearing the voice of God;
And seas new made, immense and furious, each
Plunged and rolled forward feeling for a beach;
  He walked the waters with effulgence shod.
This being made, He yearned for worlds to make
  From other chaos out beyond our night—
  For to create is still God's prime delight.
The large moon, all alone, sailed her dark lake,
  And the first tides were moving to her night.
Then Darkness trembled, and began to quake,
Big with the birth of stars, and when He spake
  A million worlds leapt into radiant light!

Lloyd Mifflin.

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BOOKS AND CULTURE.

By the Author of "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," etc.

VIII. BY WAY OF ILLUSTRATION.

The peculiar quality which culture imparts is beyond the comprehension of a child, and yet it is something so definite and engaging that a child may recognise its presence and feel its attraction. One of the special pieces of good fortune which fell to my boyhood was companionship with a man whose note of distinction, while not entirely clear to me, threw a spell over me. I knew other men of greater force and of larger scholarship; but no one else gave me such an impression of balance, ripeness, and fineness of quality. I not only felt a peculiarly searching influence flowing from one who graciously put himself on my level of intelligence, but I felt also an impulse to emulate a nature which satisfied my imagination completely. Other men of ability whose conversation I heard filled me with admiration; this man made the world larger and richer to my boyish thought. There was no didacticism on his part; there was, on the contrary, a simplicity so great that I felt entirely at home with him; but he was so thoroughly a citizen of the world that I caught a glimpse of the world in his most casual talk. I got a sense of the largeness and richness of life from him. I did not know what it was which laid such hold on my mind, but I saw later that it was the remarkable culture of the man—a culture made possible by many fortunate conditions of wealth, station, travel, and education, and expressing itself in a peculiar largeness of vision and sweetness of spirit. In this man's friendship I was for the moment lifted out of my own crudity into that vast movement and experience in which all the races have shared.

I am often reminded of this early impulse and enthusiasm, but there are occasions when its significance and value become especially clear to me. It was brought forcibly to my mind several years ago by an hour or two of talk with one who, as truly as any other American, stands as a representative man of culture; one, that is, whose large scholarship has been so completely absorbed that it has enriched the very texture of his mind, and given him the gift of sharing the experience of the race. It was on an evening when a play of Sophocles was to be rendered by the students of a certain university, in which the tradition of culture has never wholly died out, and I led the talk along the lines of the play. I was rewarded by an hour of such delight as comes only from the best kind of talk, and I felt anew the peculiar charm and power of culture. For what I got that enriched me and prepared me for real comprehension of one of the greatest works of art in all literature was not information, but atmosphere. I saw rising about me the vanished life, which the dramatist knew so well that its secrets of conviction and temperament were all open to him; in architecture, poetry, religion, politics, and manners, it was quietly rebuilded for me in such wise that my own imagination was stirred to meet the talker half way and to fill in the outlines of a picture so swiftly and skilfully sketched. When I went to the play I went as a contemporary of its writer might have gone. I did not need to enter into it, for it had already entered into me. A man of scholarship could have set the period before me in a mass of facts; a man of culture alone could give me power to share, for an evening at least, its spirit and life.

These personal illustrations will be pardoned, because they bring out in the most concrete way that special quality which marks the possession of culture in the deepest sense. That quality allies it very closely with genius itself, in certain aspects of that rare and inexplicable gift. For one of the most characteristic qualities of genius is its power of divination, of sharing alien or diverse experiences. It is this peculiar insight which puts the great dramatists in possession of the secrets of so many temperaments, the springs of so many different personalities, the atmosphere of such remote periods of time; which, in a way, gives them power to make the dead live again; for Shakespeare can stand at the tomb of Cleopatra and evoke not the shade,

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but the passionate woman herself out of the dust in which she sleeps. There has been, perhaps, no more luminous example of the faculty of sharing the experience of a past age, of entering into the thought and feeling of a vanished race, than the peculiar divination and rehabilitation of certain extinct phases of emotion and thought which one finds in the pages of Walter Pater. In those pages there are, it is true, occasional lapses from a perfectly sound method; there is at times a loss of simplicity, a cloying sweetness in the style of this accomplished writer. These are, however, the perils of a very sensitive temperament, an intense feeling for beauty, and a certain seclusion from the affairs of life. That which characterises Mr. Pater at all times is his power of putting himself amid conditions that are not only extinct, but obscure and elusive; of winding himself back, as it were, into the primitive Greek consciousness and recovering for the moment the world as the Greeks saw, or, rather, felt it. It is an easy matter to mass the facts about any given period; it is a very different and a very difficult matter to set those facts in vital relations to each other, to see them in true perspective. And the difficulties are immensely increased when the period is not only remote, but deficient in definite registry of thought and feeling; when the record of what it believed and felt does not exist by itself, but must be deciphered from those works of art in which is preserved the final form of thought and feeling, and in which are gathered and merged a great mass of ideas and emotions.

This is especially true of the more subtle and elusive Greek myths, which were in no case creations of the individual imagination or of definite periods of time, but which were fed by many tributaries, very slowly taking shape out of general but shadowy impressions, widely diffused but vague ideas, deeply felt but obscure emotions. To get at the heart of one of these stories one must be able not only to enter into the thought of the unknown poets who made their contributions to the myth, but must also be able to disentangle the threads of idea and feeling so deftly woven together and follow each back to its shadowy beginning. To do this, one must have not only knowledge, but sympathy and imagination; those closely related qualities which get at the soul of knowledge and make it live again; those qualities which the man of culture shares in no small measure with the man of genius. In his studies of such myths as those which gather about Dionysus and Demeter this is precisely what Mr. Pater did. He not only marked out distinctly the courses of the main streams, but he followed back the rivulets to their fountain-heads; he not only mastered the thought of an extinct people, but, what is much more difficult, he put off his knowledge and put on their ignorance; he not only entered into their thought about the world of nature which surrounded them, but he entered into their feeling about it. Very lightly touched and charming is, for instance, his description of the habits and haunts and worship of Demeter, the current impressions of her service and place in the life of the world:

"Demeter haunts the fields in spring, when the young lambs are dropped; she visits the barns in autumn; she takes part in mowing and binding up the corn, and is the goddess of sheaves. She presides over the pleasant, significant details of the farm, the threshing floor and the full granary, and stands beside the woman baking bread at the oven. With these fancies are connected certain simple rites, the half-understood local observance and the half-believed local legend reacting capriciously on each other. They leave her a fragment of bread and a morsel of meat at the cross-roads to take on her journey; and perhaps some real Demeter carries them away, as she wanders through the country. The incidents of their yearly labour become to them acts of worship; they seek her blessing through many expressive names, and almost catch sight of her at dawn or evening, in the nooks of the fragrant fields. She lays a finger on the grass at the roadside, and some new flower comes up. All the picturesque implements of country life are hers; the poppy also, emblem of an exhaustless fertility, and full of mysterious juices for the alleviation of pain. The countrywoman who puts her child to sleep in the great, cradle-like basket for winnowing the corn remembers Demeter *Kourotrophos*, the mother of corn and children alike, and makes it a little coat out of the dress worn by its father at his initiation into her mysteries. . . . She lies on the ground out-of-doors on summer nights, and becomes wet with the dew. She grows young again every spring, yet is of great age, the wrinkled woman of the Homeric hymn, who becomes the nurse of Demophoon."

This bit of description moves with so light a foot that one forgets, as true art always makes one forget, the mass of hard and scattered materials which lie back of it; materials which would not have yielded their secret of unity and

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vitality save to imagination and sympathy ; to knowledge which has ripened into culture. But the recovery of such a story, the reconstruction of such a figure, are not affected by description alone ; one must penetrate to the heart of the myth, and master the significance of the woman transformed by idealisation into a beneficent and much labouring goddess. We must go with Mr. Pater a step farther if we would understand how a man of culture divines the deeper experiences of an alien race :

"Three profound ethical conceptions, three impressive sacred figures, have now defined themselves for the Greek imagination, condensed from all the traditions which have now been traced, from the hymns of the poets, from the instinctive and unformulated mysticism of primitive minds. Demeter is become the divine, sorrowing mother. Kore, the goddess of summer, is become Persephone, the goddess of death, still associated with the forms and odours of flowers and fruit, yet as one risen from the dead also, presenting one side of her ambiguous nature to men's gloomier fancies. Thirdly, there is the image of Demeter enthroned, chastened by sorrow, and somewhat advanced in age, blessing the earth in her joy at the return of Kore. The myth has now entered upon the third phase of its life, in which it becomes the property of those more elevated spirits, who, in the decline of the Greek religion, pick and choose and modify, with perfect freedom of mind, whatever in it may seem adapted to minister to their culture. In this way the myths of the Greek religion become parts of an ideal, visible embodiments of the susceptibilities and intentions of the nobler kind of souls ; and it is to this latest phase of mythological development that the highest Greek sculpture allies itself."

This illustration of the divination by which the man of culture possesses himself of a half-forgotten and obscurely recorded experience and rehabilitates and interprets it, is so complete that it makes amplification superfluous.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

ÉMILE ZOLA'S "ROME."

A new novel by Émile Zola will be published in Paris early in November. It will be the second of the great French writer's works dealing with the three cities, Lourdes, Rome, and Paris. It is now nearly two years since *Lourdes* was published, and Zola has been at work on the second book of the series—*Rome*—ever since. In his suburban mansion at Medan, near Paris, he has laboured almost constantly all this time, and now and again particulars of the book's progress have been given to the world. Its author's visit to the Eternal City, his sojourn there in quest of documentary material, his audience with the King, the closing of the gates of the Vatican at his approach—all these and other sensational details have found their way from time to time into the public prints, and served to arouse curiosity in the novel. The new work was already famous before Zola had written the first line.

A few weeks ago a Viennese journalist visited the French novelist at Medan and saw Zola at work. He describes his visit as follows :

"It was a warm afternoon in June when I arrived. The servant ushered me at once into the library. It was not my first visit to Zola, and I found the room unchanged except that in one corner, lying on an immense gilded *prie-dieu*, there lay a magnificent illuminated missal which I had certainly never seen before. This evidently was one of the documents of the new work.

"Zola greeted me cordially, as is his custom towards all his guests. He told me he was very busy, and, in a tone of disappointment, said that the new book was taking him longer to write than any of his previous works. As a rule he is a very rapid writer ; but the immense amount of notes he has to consult in writing *Rome* compels him to go very slowly. The book will be printed in about one hundred instalments, so that it will be about as voluminous as the most important of his other works.

"I found Zola entirely preoccupied with the ideas and events of the book. Very soon our conversation assumed the form of a monologue, I taking the part of a silent listener. He showed me material and plans, sketches and models, and explained the aim and purpose of the whole. Of course there will be various changes in detail as the book proceeds, although no essential changes, for Zola is a man who can think in advance. He erects the structure of his work as he collects his material and documents, and does not like to be sur-

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prised by new ideas or thoughts after he has once planned out the scheme of any given chapter. From the moment he sits down at his desk to produce day by day the same number of pages, he executes as a workman what he sketched out as an artist, the physical work taking the place of the psychical.

"The young priest, Pierre Froment, whose acquaintance we made in *Lourdes*, is also the hero of the new book. On his return to Paris after his pilgrimage he has published a pamphlet, *The New Rome*, which brings him a request to come to the Vatican *ad audiendum verbum*. He must defend himself and his views there. The author describes his sojourn of several months in Rome, where he was witness to a love affair, which is dwelt upon at length in the book. But Zola's main object in writing *Rome* is not to follow Pierre's career. *Les Rougon Macquart*, his former novels, were crowded with action. Great and small events, active life and its constant upheavals, constant incidents, were the very essence of his books. They were intended to be living history, slices of nature seen through a temperament. But with the new book Zola has put on new spectacles. He no longer looks through a temperament, but through a range of thought. No longer do people and things stand in the foreground, but ideas, for which people and things are but examples. And has not this always been the programme of every poet? Did not each one try to illustrate his thoughts through his figures and descriptions? And, finally, is not that the real, genuine formula to which Zola also, perhaps unconsciously, has returned? Not the temperament of the poet, but his range of thought is the factor ruling the work.

"What are now the ideas which Zola is elaborating in his new book? They centre in Leo XIII. 'Oh, I studied the Pope,' he said to me. 'I followed him from the start to his present greatness—during his education in Rome, his brief activity as nuncio in Brussels, and his work in Perugia as bishop. But his true nature was not revealed until the day when he put the tiara on his head as Leo XIII. There are two beings within the present Pope, the inflexible defender of dogma and the smooth politician, ever urging the policy of conciliation. He ignores modern philosophy and believes in the enlightenment of the Middle Ages; but as a European factor he is one of the most astute diplomatists living. He seeks to be on good terms with every State and prince, he reconciles the Holy See with Germany, he tries to conciliate Russia; to gain England's friendship he enters into new relations with the Far East. He is on good terms with France, and acknowledges the Republic. Thus he is the living, great defender of the Vatican's politics. The explanation, the development of the politics of the Vatican is the main substance of my book. This policy is the striving for the empire of the world. Rome, the head of the world, the ruler of Rome, the Cæsar of the earth—that is the dream they are seeking to realise, that is the dream felt by everybody who treads on Roman soil. The idea of an empire of the world thrives here because of the magic power of history. Emperor and soldier, republican and conqueror, priest and layman, have absorbed this idea from the atmosphere of the place and given themselves up to it body and soul. And the Pope is willing and will realise it. He looks ahead to the time when he will be ruler and protector of a European unity of States. The United States of the World, and His Holiness their protector—is not that a proud ambition? True, the first step would be an Italian Republic which would acknowledge the sovereignty of the Vatican. Who knows whether it will be long before the world shall see this come to pass?'

"Zola paused for a little while. It seemed to me as though he were finishing the course of his ideas in his mind, as though he could see with the rapidity of a flash of lightning the picture of the future—his prophecy fulfilled.

"'You see,' he continued, 'there is an everlasting war between the three powers—Pope, Emperor, and the people.' And with a French gesture he showed me the example on three fingers of his outstretched hand. 'If the Emperor falls, what is left? Two powers that cannot do without each other; for where there is a ruler there must be somebody who is ruled. The Vatican sympathises with the French republic because it felled the Cæsar, because it advanced a step in the direction the Pope wishes for the development of Europe. Odd as it may sound, the most

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monarchically minded of all monarchs, the king of kings, furthers the cause of republics and regards their rise with approval.

"'And you see,' he began again, after having meditated for a short while, 'in this also you can observe the strange double nature of Leo XIII. With one hand he reaches out for the crown of the world, while with the other he gives his blessing to democracy. When he was Bishop of Perugia he wrote a mandate which was slightly socialistic in tone. Hardly, however, had he mounted the papal chair when he poured out his anger against all the revolutionary movements through which Italy was passing at that time. But he quickly changed his tactics again, recognising what a terrible weapon socialism might become when in the hands of the enemies of Catholicism. He refrains from interfering with the Irish quarrels, he withdraws the excommunication he had put on the Knights of Labour in America, he no longer has the books of Catholic socialists put on the index. In several encyclicals he shows his sympathy for democratic tendencies, and in the encyclical *Rerum Novarum* he speaks of the situation of labour, of the wage earners, their poverty, their long hours of toil, their poor remuneration. He deprecates the greed of capital and recommends reorganisation of society on a more honest basis. He shows that religion alone can solve the problem, for the Pope believes that the spiritual power is mightier than worldly power, and that only by means of the former can he reach the latter. Once the spirit has bowed before the Church the body will yield also. Once the people has become used to seeing the Pope the spiritual judge, standing high above all parties, whose decision will end all questions, the old-time glory of Rome will soon flood its immortal hills again, and the fate of the world will be decided at the hands of the Imperator. Such is the glorious future of Rome, such is the light that stands out on the horizon! Rome contains three great institutions, the Palatine, the Vatican, and the Quirinal. In all three I shall symbolise the ideas of my book; in them I shall symbolise antiquity, the Middle Ages, and modern Rome. With their help I shall show how the thought of a future empire of the world was born and where the thought blossoms. That's what my work will tell.'"

Arthur Hornblow.

EXPERIENCES WITH EDITORS.

II. Accepted Addresses.

Having in my first paper concentrated attention upon the dark side of the shield, it will be a pleasant change now to turn the thing around, and take a look at the brighter side.

Granted some degree of literary talent, the writer who is patient and persistent enough is bound to meet with acceptance some time in some quarter, in spite of the chronically congested condition of the literary mart.

If, however, he has based his expectations of remuneration upon statements he has seen as to the number of cents per word, or of dollars per page, paid by periodicals to favourite contributors, he runs a great risk of sore disappointment.

My first experience of acceptance was with a legal periodical of high rank, to which I submitted a paper embodying the results of much thought and labour. After a long period of waiting my reward was as follows:

"You must pardon my seeming neglect, but your article is one of twelve now awaiting my decision as to acceptance. I have read it twice, and with considerable doubt have finally resolved to give you a hearing. *You are not to expect pecuniary compensation.*"

I was bitterly disappointed, I confess. I had hoped for a cheque at the rate of at least $5 a thousand words, and not even the privilege of a hearing in the pages of so renowned a periodical entirely consoled me in my disappointment.

My next success was with an illustrated weekly magazine, whose editorial response came in these terms:

"We think that with a good deal of editing we

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can make use of your article. What would be your price for it?"

Made wise by my previous experience, I thought it best to leave the question of price entirely to the editor, and am glad to say had no reason to regret doing so.

I cannot refrain from mentioning, however, with regard to the "good deal of editing," that my article not only was published precisely as forwarded, but that the editorial eye missed in the proofs, which were not submitted to me, several provoking misprints that showed the need of more careful "editing."

Apropos of the matter of the remuneration is a pleasant letter I had from the manager of a well-known scientific periodical to the following effect:

"If you will accept for your article an honorarium of $—— we shall be glad to take it. We are well aware that this amount is a small one for such a paper, but unfortunately our resources will not warrant a larger offer."

There was such manifest sincerity about these words that only a huckster in literary wares could have hesitated to accept the offer they embodied.

On the other hand, when an editor, rather notorious for driving hard bargains, wrote first to enquire whether my story was intended as a "contribution, or was to be paid for," and on my promptly requiring pay, replied that only a portion of the manuscript could be used, and for that portion he could not allow more than $—, the conviction came quickly that such business methods were better adapted to dealing in old clothes than in new manuscripts.

Whether woman's sphere properly includes the editorial share or not may be left an open question without any weakening of the assertion that she lends a charming grace to it, which is only too often lacking in its masculine possessors.

I have before me some acceptances from feminine editors which illustrate this. These two are from the director of an erstwhile prosperous juvenile monthly:

"Though I am not sure of my orthography in writing your name (she spelled it 'Okley'), I enjoy accepting your manuscript."

And again:

"I like ——, and we should be much pleased to have you send us a photograph of the locality concerned."

The following is from the editor of an historical periodical, a woman whose death a few years ago made a gap in the world of letters that has not yet been filled:

"I am in receipt of your manuscript, and have had time this hurried morning to run my eye hastily over it—quite enough to convince me that it will prove a charming contribution to our readers."

Such editorial amenities go far to sustain one's spirit in the face of experiences like that which I endured in connection with a serial story submitted to an English periodical for young people.

The manuscript was forwarded early in July of a certain year, and no acknowledgment of receipt coming to hand by the end of August, a gentle note of enquiry was despatched.

No answer being vouchsafed, further enquiries were sent at intervals, and finally the kind assistance of friends in London was sought, who made personal efforts to obtain some satisfaction for me, but without any definite result, until finally in April of the following year, nine months after the manuscript had been transmitted, the long-deferred acceptance came, coupled with the gratifying announcement that the serial would begin to be published at once. But my tribulations were by no means over. Having waited so long to learn my fate, I never imagined that I should have to wait almost an equal time to know my fortune. Yet such proved to be the case. Instead of payment being made in full on the appearance of the first part, as I fully expected, it was dribbled over the whole period of publication in monthly instalments, so that the account was not finally settled until full fifteen months after the manuscript left my hands, which could not be considered otherwise than very trying.

In sharp and pleasant contrast to this method of doing business may be placed that of a very widely circulated religious weekly on this side the ocean, of which the following is a fair example: Manuscript sent January 14th. Acceptance received January 18th, followed by a cheque on the 23d, although the article did not appear until some months later.

It is wonderful what a lot of encouragement and comfort the industrious writer can get out of such an experience, and from such editorial brevities as this:

"I like your article very much indeed, and shall be glad to use it at once."

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or this :

"I thank you very much for sending me the story ——, and it has given me a great deal of pleasure to reach the conclusion that it is a story we want."

Precision is an admirable thing in an editor, but there may be occasions when the contributor would feel inclined to think it capable of being carried too far, as in this case, for instance :

"Enclosed please find $—— for 469 lines editorial matter in March, and 347 lines in Februarv, for which kindly sign and return enclosed receipt form."

Considering that the paper in question was making a net profit of $50,000 annually, the contributor of the "editorial matter" could hardly be blamed for thinking that the measuring scale need not have been so rigidly applied, and that the number of lines might have been taken as 470 and 350 respectively.

The advantage of having won the confidence of an editor finds pleasing illustration in the following note :

"The manuscript is received. I have not read it through, but presume it will answer. I therefore enclose cheque."

As the manuscript was quite a lengthy serial, and the cheque ran well into three figures, the delightful promptitude of the benevolent editor may be easily appreciated.

Let me bring this somewhat haphazard budget of Accepted Addresses to an end by citing one which remains unique in my experience, although I have had my full share of others containing the precisely opposite request.

"This article is very good, but I would rather give it one of our entire pages, which would call for 2500 to 2700 words. Could you extend this article to that length without padding it? As it is, it counts 1750 words."

I need hardly say with what glad celerity this editorial behest was obeyed, and how ever since that episode this particular editor has occupied an especially elevated place in my esteem.

J. Macdonald Oxley.

HOW TO MAKE A LIVING BY LITERATURE.

As one who has attained a certain position in the literary and journalistic world, I am sometimes asked to advise young men and women as to the best means of succeeding in the profession of "literature." I invariably decline to give any advice on the subject. Nay, more ; I invariably endeavour to dissuade the applicant from making the plunge proposed. "If there is anything else that you can do," I say, "do that ; do not on any account turn writing into a trade. Almost anything is preferable to that. If you have prospects in business, follow them up ; if you have a taste for the mechanical, utilise it ; if you have a feeling for the Church, for medicine, or for the law, yield to it. Whatever you do, do not place absolute dependence on your pen."

This species of exhortation is the outcome of twenty-five years' practical and unceasing experience of the literary life. That experience has brought with it a certain measure of reputation, and the ability to support myself and family on a certain scale ; but it has also made clear to me the fact that to live by "literature" is a growingly precarious and disheartening thing. Nay, in the quarter of a century during which I have plied my quill, I have seen the profession of "literature" almost wholly deserted. The professional literary men and women—who have made any mark—can now (apart from the fictionists) be counted almost on the fingers of two hands. This was not always so. Time was when a small army of people, dependent wholly on their pen, set themselves to supply the wants of the public in the way of readable volumes. Their business, mainly, was to condense and to popularise. They rendered palatable the discoveries and conclusions of dry-asdust historians, biographers, geographers, and savants ; they produced translations, they edited classics, they wrote stories and manuals for young people. They stood midway between the specialists and the general reader, making the former intelligible to the latter. They performed a useful function, and obtained a fair reward. It was possible in those days to thrive on "literature ;" many made it their *métier*, and succeeded in it.

What is the position now ? The work

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which used to be done by the literary middleman is done, almost entirely, by the expert and the amateur.

1. The expert no longer allows the professional literary man to stand between him and the public. He does his own condensing and popularising. The present is an age of primers and handbooks dealing with every topic under heaven; and these are written, for the most part, by men and women who have made a specialty of one subject or more. The historians, the biographers, the geographers, the savants, having been approached by the publishing fraternity, now condescend to talk directly and familiarly to the crowd, and in particular to students and young people. They are enabled to do this by the fact, not only that the branch of knowledge on which they discourse is familiar to them, but that in most instances they occupy official positions to which regular incomes are attached. They can afford to dash off, with more or less speed, little manuals into which they compress the experience and the teaching of a lifetime.

2. Then there is the amateur—a noun of multitude. This person rears his head in every direction. Sometimes he is a titled dignitary, who, rejoicing in the possession of private means as well as literary tastes, diverts himself, or advertises himself, and even adds to his pocket-money, by writing more or less copiously for the magazines. He and his feminine counterpart are especially conspicuous in the monthly reviews, to which the possession of a title of some sort is a species of "open sesame." Sometimes — indeed, frequently — the amateur is in business; is a banker, or an accountant, or "something in the City." Sometimes he belongs formally to another profession in which he dabbles—that of the Church, or medicine, or the law. Considerable is the number of beneficed clergymen who, with a natural desire to add to their pecuniary resources, enter the field against the professional man and woman of letters. A large proportion of the fiction of to-day is written, as everybody knows, by barristers. The army and the navy are also largely represented among writers of books and contributors to magazines. And—most unkindest cut of all—the gentlemen of the Civil Service, for the payment of whose salaries we poor literary folk are taxed, are prominent among literary producers. Though a grateful country employs (or believes it employs) their energies from 10 A.M to 4 P.M., they still have sufficient intellectual and physical force—lucky men!—to turn out, at their leisure, a remarkable variety of publications, on which, apparently, a good deal of research has been bestowed. The public would probably be surprised to learn how many of the names best known to them in current literature are those of men who draw comfortable salaries from the public purse.

I am not complaining of all this. Literature is the most democratic of institutions, and its ranks are necessarily recruited from all quarters. I do not for a moment argue that literature should be produced only by a literary class or caste. We must welcome it, when it is worthy of welcome, from whatever source it comes. The country is no doubt advantaged in the long run by the cerebral activity of all sections of the people. The result is an enormous quantity of output; but that, no doubt, does but supply more chances of discovering what genius and talent we have at our command. In the same way, it is doubtless to the interest of the public that its primers and manuals, its "popular" books, and so forth, should be written by experts, rather than by those who simply "get up" a subject by way of business.

My present object is merely to point to the facts of the case, and to warn the literary aspirant accordingly. All the gates are thronged with suitors. There is no longer, in effect, a literary class. Everybody writes. There is fierce competition on every side. I do not say that an unmarried literary man, if fairly strong, industrious, and competent, cannot contrive to keep going and make ends meet; but even he will find, as he grows older, that the strain grows greater—that he has more competitors, fewer opportunities, and less energy to bestow upon his work. As for the married man, for him of course the strain is all the more intense, because of his heavier responsibilities. He and his must live; and to gain money he must write, or compile, or translate, or edit—if he can get the employment—in the midst, too often, of domestic trials and his own ill-health. This, necessarily, is fatal to good work; and in any case

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means, sooner or later, intellectual as well as physical breakdown.

I am aware that a certain number of literary men and women are at this moment making handsome incomes out of the supply of fiction. Fiction is the one product which pays many people well. A few are amassing fortunes by it. But reputations, after waxing, wane; and the popular novelists of to-day are not always the popular novelists of to-morrow. They are apt to be elbowed out of the way by newer and robuster favourites. Prices are apt to go down as rapidly as they have gone up, and the gods and goddesses of the day before yesterday are in some instances cast into outer darkness. The remarkable present-day vogue of the novelist will, we may expect, tempt many a young writer to devote himself to imaginative work; but, however clever that writer may be, he may find himself stranded before long. The competition is strenuous; and the fortunes, after all, are made only by the few. In the lower ranks of fiction-writing the remuneration is akin to that of the penny-a-liner; and few occupations, probably, are more dreary.

The young man who thinks to live by "literature" must bear in mind that the profession has scarcely any "prizes," and that, save to a handful, it presents no prospect of "peace and plenty" in old age. All that the hard-working *littérateur* can hope for is that some day he may secure a permanent appointment as reader or editor, or both, to a firm of publishers. He might be glad to accept a librarianship; but posts of that sort are withheld from him because he has had no "previous experience" of their not very mysterious duties. In the event of illness or other misfortune, he has in England only the "Royal Literary Fund" to resort to; and then he must needs go cap in hand and sue *in forma pauperis*, disclosing all his private griefs, with the result, I fear, that he will receive only a pittance sufficient to stave off the more pressing claims upon him, but not sufficient to set him wholly on his legs again. So far as I know, there is no institution from which a literary man can obtain a loan which might enable him to bridge over a period of calamity. There is nothing for him to do but to apply to the Literary Fund, and so pauperise himself entirely. I am assuming, you observe, that untoward causes have prevented him from "laying up" for the rainy day.

Still more melancholy is the outlook for the literary man's widow who has been left, unhappily, without any means of support. The annual list of pensions on the Civil List will show the literary aspirant at a glance what he has to expect in that quarter. Of how many *working* men of letters have the widows been endowed from the Civil List during the existence of the fund? It does not matter how distinguished or how numerous may be the signatures attached to a petition; by some peculiar dispensation the pensions do not often go to the really destitute, and they go but rarely indeed to the relicts of the men of letters *by profession*.

All this tends to the one conclusion—that no one, however gifted, however strong, however active, should depend upon "literature" for his daily bread, or for the daily bread of those dear to him. Literature cannot be cultivated upon a little oatmeal when there is more than one mouth to feed. Sir Walter Scott was right when he said that literature was a good crutch, but a bad staff. The staff must be sought elsewhere, and preferably in a calling which makes little demand upon the mind or the physique. Literature is best followed, as Helps wrote his Essays, "in the intervals of business." Lucky is the man of literary taste and power who can devote his leisure to the pursuit he loves! It is from such conditions, undoubtedly, that the best results arise.

There is always, of course, the alternative of Journalism. The young man who either cannot, or will not, devote most of his time to the ledger, and has a similar distaste for the "learned" or mechanical professions, usually, if the ink has got into his blood, turns to newspaper work for the means of livelihood which "literature" refuses to him. That, practically, is inevitable. Journalism furnishes the bread and butter of many whose hearts are really in the production of a higher class of literary matter. Unfortunately, it is a hard taskmaster, and it is jealous of all rivals. Its rewards, save in exceptional cases, are small, and it is apt to sap the energies, mental and physical, of all but the most robust. Good incomes are derived from it, but only through the expenditure of

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much intellectual and bodily force. In general, I think I may say, it leaves a man little time and still less inclination to tread the loftier paths of literary effort. Many a fine intellect has been frittered away upon it. Journalism is relentless in its demands upon the best capacity of those who follow it. And, in the end, when the ability to supply good work is not what it was, the unhappy newspaper man—if he has not been in a position to exercise the virtue of thrift—has nothing to look forward to but such assistance as the Newspaper Press Fund may be good enough to dole out to him.

I adopt, of set purpose, a pessimistic tone. There has been a great deal of talk, of late, of the large pecuniary gains of literature and journalism. The talk is true of a limited number of people; it is absolutely untrue even of the average "successful" man. Young men desirous of embracing a literary career ought to be told the truth. It is a career demanding wide knowledge, good health, great industry, and, above all, considerable fortitude; save in a few instances, it yields a monetary return comparatively small. It is a very harassing occupation, and especially so where the writer's domestic circumstances are unfavourable. It is a trying business at the best, and, at the worst, deplorable.

W. Davenport Adams.

PARIS LETTER.

Mr. Benson has, I see, been attacked for writing somewhere that Lord Tennyson was not a man of agreeable manners. I do not see why even the most ardent admirer of the late Laureate's work should object to such a statement, which in no way diminishes the glory of his hero's genius. As a matter of fact, Mr. Benson only wrote what was quite true. Like most men who have studied closely the human heart, Lord Tennyson was a misanthrope, and that he was so is only a proof that his study had been well directed.

I was talking about this the other day at my mother's house, and she told me of the first occasion on which she met Tennyson. That was more than forty years ago. Tennyson was then living with his wife and a baby—the present Lord Tennyson—at a house in Twickenham, "a gloomy house, surrounded by trees." My mother and old Mrs. Wordsworth were staying in the neighbourhood with Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Taylor, a daughter of Lord Mounteagle's and the wife of Henry Taylor, who was a poet himself and wrote a life of Philip van Arteveldte. The Taylors knew the Tennysons, and Mrs. Taylor had taken Miss Wordsworth to see the new Laureate. "We were received by Mrs. Tennyson, but the poet did not appear until Mrs. Taylor had asked that he might be sent for. He came into the room looking very gloomy, and only spoke in monosyllables. Mrs. Taylor, who was a bright, vivacious Irish woman, rallied him on his moroseness. 'One would say, Mr. Tennyson,' she said, 'that you are not pleased to see us.' 'I don't think you would be pleased to see visitors,' cried Tennyson, 'if you hired the *Times* for one hour a day, and the visitors just came during that hour.' Mrs. Taylor then said, 'And you never come to see us, though you know how Mrs. Wordsworth likes to see you. We come here four times to one call from you.' 'It's all very well for you to talk,' said Tennyson, morosely. 'You have only to order your horses to be put in and to drive over here. When I come to see you, I have to go to the expense of a cab or a railway ticket.' He afterwards left the room, leaving me very abashed, for he had taken no notice whatever of me. Mrs. Tennyson noticed my condition, and came and sat by me and spoke very kindly to me. Mr. Tennyson was not well, she said; he suffered from biliousness, and his manners that day meant nothing. She was sorry that I had come just that day, because when Tennyson was in a good humour he was so delightful. 'You cannot imagine, my dear, how pleasant it is to hear him read his poetry aloud. He reads it so beautifully.' She went on to say that he was a most good-hearted man and a most affectionate father. As we were driving home, I told Mrs. Taylor what

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Mrs. Tennyson had said to me, and she said, 'Oh, yes, Tennyson is a model father. If the baby is heard crying it is Tennyson who rushes up to the nursery to comfort it, not Mrs. Tennyson, and he spends most of his time over his son's cradle. And I hope,' she added, 'that the baby won't grow up to be a yellow man, though I fear he may, as Tennyson smokes his pipe all the time he is in the nursery, and envelops his heir in clouds of smoke.'" This was Miss Wordsworth's account of her first interview with the late Laureate.

I remember now that my father used to tell me that when he was a boy he once met Tennyson at a dinner-party, and that he was very frightened at his appearance. Tennyson was at that time very sallow, almost yellow, and had long black hair. At dessert the poet bent across the table and addressed my father, in front of whom was placed a dish of fruit, and said: "Evolve me an apple." "I did not know what he wanted me to do," said my father.

I see that the proprietors of *Le Petit Journal* in Paris have started a competition for—we won't say novelists, but writers of fiction available for publication in serial form. The highest prize is to be a sum of fifty thousand francs. I do not gather that the competition is exclusively restricted to French citizens, but it probably is, as *Le Petit Journal* is nothing if not Chauvin. In any case an English novelist would be ill-advised in competing. The French *feuilleton*, such as would be suitable for a paper like *Le Petit Journal*, is an article of manufacture for which a long apprenticeship and a very intimate knowledge of the literary taste of the French masses, a trifle less vulgar, if far more sentimental than the English, are necessary, and how very few succeed in this branch of manufacture is shown by the fact that not more than ten writers have contributed *feuilletons* to *Le Petit Journal* for the last ten years. Till now manuscripts submitted to the editor have always been read by Mme. Marinoni, who, of the working classes herself, is a good judge of what appeals to them, and it is a fact that this lady, who always reads the manuscripts in bed, gives them her most careful attention. The writer who can succeed in moistening the reader's eyes stands a good chance of success, but, of course, the villain must be able to baffle the examining magistrate till the very last chapter. Whatever may be said of the literary quality of the *feuilletons* published in *Le Petit Journal*, they have at least the merit, rare in these days in France, of being decent in tone.

On the part of the proprietors of this journal the institution of this competition is, doubtless, dictated by a desire to reduce expenses, the prices charged for their stories by the writers who till now have exclusively occupied the *rez-de-chaussée* of the *Petit Journal* being exorbitant. Tenpence a line is the usual rate, and Richebourg, Mary and De Montépin get from £3000 to £4000 for mere serial rights. I expect that the management of *Le Petit Journal* have calculated that one effect of this competition may be to bring down their prices.

The anarchists have often been challenged to state what kind of a society they propose to put in the place of the society they are so anxious to destroy. M. Jean Grave has accepted this challenge, and has just published, through Tresse and Stock, in their Sociological Library Series, a book called *La Société Future*, in which he depicts society as it will be, after *le grand soir* has cleared away existing social institutions. The picture—to me, at least—is not a very attractive one; but I must say that I greatly admire Jean Grave's courage. He has just come out of prison, after having served part of the sentence of two years' imprisonment to which he was condemned for writing *La Société Mourante et l'Anarchie*, and from which the amnesty released him, and now once more affronts the authorities with a scarlet-covered book. Jean Grave is a remarkable man, entirely self-educated, yet endowed with wide knowledge and an excellently convincing style. His merits as a writer of French prose, apart from his political views, were abundantly testified to by a number of literary celebrities who were called as witnesses for the defence at his recent trial.

Oscar Wilde's *Portrait of Dorian Gray* has reached a seventh edition in Paris, and is still selling fast. It has been hailed as a great work of art by all the French critics, and Octave Mirbeau, who "created" Maeterlinck, described it as the most powerful *plaidoirie* in the cause of morality which he had ever read. Wilde's play, *Salomé*, is to be

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produced at the Théâtre Libre this winter.

Mr. William Wordsworth, late President of Elphinstone College, Bombay, passed through Paris a few days ago, on his way to the English Lake District, where he proposes to spend a short vacation. Since his retirement from the Indian Educational Service, Mr. Wordsworth has been living in Naples. He is the author of much unpublished poetry, of sufficient merit to attract the great recommendation of Professor Dowden, who strongly urged him to accept an offer from Macmillan to publish it. But in fear of comparisons which might be instituted between his work and the poems of his grandfather, he has preferred to keep his poetry in manuscript. He is by no means the first victim of a celebrated name.

George Du Maurier was a visitor to Boulogne the other day, and was seen looking at the house in the Grande Rue, where so many happy days of his childhood were spent. Mr. Du Maurier is spending his holidays at Folkestone, giving the finishing touches to *The Martians*, and will not return to London till about the fifteenth of next month. He will spend the winter at his house in Oxford Terrace, where *Trilby* was generated.

In October next, *Le Figaro*, following the lead of *Le Gaulois*, will be permanently enlarged to six pages, mainly in view of a largely increased advertising connection. It is proposed to give more space to fiction, and the enlarged *Figaro* will lead off with a *nouvelle* of about twenty thousand words from the pen of Alphonse Daudet, who was one of the earliest contributors to Villemessant's periodical, at a time when its *format* was that of the *Literary World*.

The importance attached by French newspaper proprietors to fiction, as shown by the large prices paid to authors for serial rights, may be attributed to the fact that nine out of every ten purchasers of a newspaper in France take the paper for the sake of the *feuilleton*, and possibly also of the *faits-divers*, or police-news. I have heard hundreds of Frenchmen say, "I only read the *faits-divers* and the *feuilleton*." Next to the feuilletonist, it is the "city editor" (in the American acceptation of that term) who draws most money from the newspaper cashier. Pierre Giffard, for instance, of *Le Petit Journal*, draws £3000 per annum, "besides his lines."

By "besides his lines" I mean that, in addition to his salary, he is paid so much a line for everything he contributes to the paper. This is the usual arrangement in French newspaper offices. A man on the staff of a French newspaper gets a salary of so much a month, and, in addition to this, he receives so much a line for what he contributes, the salary being considered a kind of retainer. On the whole, however, French journalists are miserably paid, and, as a consequence, blackmailing in all its forms has to be winked at more or less by the newspaper proprietors. On the other hand, journalism in France may lead a man to the highest places in the State. In England it seems to lead many to the Charterhouse, some to the Civil List, and only a few to the Consolidated Funds. For instance, a man like George Augustus Sala in France would be allotting pensions, not receiving one, and a beggarly one at that.

Mme. Taine is seeing her husband's memoirs and correspondence through the press. The book is being eagerly expected, not without trepidation by many of the literary mountebanks for whom Taine had so profound a contempt. Taine was as good a hater as he was a good admirer. To what a point he carried his admiration for what he considered good literary work was shown by the fact that on his death-bed he asked for the proofs of De Herédia's poems to be sent to him, as he felt he should not live till the book was published. "And," he said, "I want to die with a little music in my ears." On the other hand, he detested the Naturalists, and vowed that Zola should never be of the Academy, he, Taine, being an Academician. I greatly enjoyed my visits to the Rue Cassette, and have spent many hours smoking Taine's cigarettes, of which he had a great supply always at hand, and listening to his conversation on men and matters of letters.

I have seen it stated in the English papers that Count Henri de Regnier, the poet, is engaged to be married to De Herédia's daughter, the poetess daughter of a poet. This was a report started a year ago, and is not true, as far as I know, and my knowledge is

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based on what De Regnier himself told me not very long ago.

De Herédia was speaking the other night in my presence of the "certainties" for the next elections at the Academy, and, as I was very glad to hear, said that André Theuriet would soon be wearing the palm-embroidered coat. Theuriet is *tout indiqué* for the Academy.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 Boulevard Magenta, Paris.

NEW BOOKS.

THE FIRST OF THE REALISTS.*

Mr. Tarver's volume is undeniably to be ranked among the most important books of the year, in that it throws open

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT AT THE AGE OF TEN.

to English readers the sources that give a clear and convincing picture of the personality and genius of a writer whose influence is at the present time paramount in both French and English fiction. The appearance of so elaborate a work in English is, in fact, itself a significant proof of the lasting power of a writer who may be justly styled the immediate founder of the realistic school.

* Gustave Flaubert as Seen in his Works and Correspondence. By John Charles Tarver. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $4.00.

Historically, of course, realism in literature is generally traced back to Rousseau, who in his *Confessions* furnished a suggestion and an example of the tremendous force that exists in naked veracity; and the application of this idea to fiction-writing is to be found primarily in the novels of Marie-Henri Beyle (Stendhal) and of Balzac; but even in Balzac the realism is often in abeyance and the work is coloured by the glow of a great and flaming imagination which throws upon the screen figures larger than life itself, with a splendid yet too romantic exaggeration of every trait of character, so that Baudelaire complains of Balzac that in his pages every one, down to the very scullions, have genius. It is, therefore, in Flaubert, rather than in any of his predecessors, that we are to find the fruition and perfection of the realistic theory; while the influence of his personal association, as well as of his published work, directed the early labours of Turgenieff, Daudet, Maupassant, and Émile Zola.

Gustave Flaubert, the son of an eminent physician of Rouen, possessed of a moderate fortune, with the usual education of a gentleman and endowed with little desire for a career of physical activity, led a life whose external events give little satisfaction to a biographer in search of curious and piquant details. Moreover, Mr. Tarver, in the volume now before us, has held strictly to the admirable theory set forth in his preface, that "an artist's private life should be respected," especially "when so many personal acquaintances are still alive as in the present case." He has, therefore, confined himself to an attempt to set, as vividly as possible, Flaubert's personality before the reader, and to produce a satisfactory and convincing study of his mental and literary development. For

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this purpose he has drawn principally upon Flaubert's own works and upon his most interesting personal correspondence, of which the *édition définitive* was published in 1887 ; making use also of Mme. Commanville's introduction to the first volume of the letters, together with the *Souvenirs Littéraires* of Maxime Ducamp, and the critical and personal estimate written by Guy de Maupassant. These authorities have been thoroughly digested, and Mr. Tarver's own temperate and well-balanced conclusions will command the respect and, we think, the conviction also of the reader.

Flaubert's mental history is a very curious one. As a boy he enjoyed the most rugged health, and was a handsome, sturdy lad, as he himself tells Mme. Arnoux, "fresh, perfumed, breathing life and love ;" and to the end of his career he had a deep yearning for physical beauty.

"I should like to be handsome," he wrote in 1846, "to have black curls falling over my ivory shoulders like the Greek youths ; I should like to be strong, pure ; but I look in the glass and discover myself to be revoltingly commonplace."

Nor was his mind less vigorous than his body. Although at the age of nine years he had not yet learned to read, he showed an eager interest in the folk-lore and historical traditions of his province, and from the Père Mignot, who took a fancy to the boy, he learned much of good literature, while he never grew tired of listening to the evening talks of his father with his friends, noting down with precocious keenness any absurdities that marked their conversation. The creator of Mme. Bovary had, in fact, already unconsciously begun to gather material for his great drama of provincial life.

At the age of twenty-two, however, a great crisis in his intellectual development came upon him. He was attacked by an obscure form of brain disease, perhaps related to epilepsy, and on his recovery from its ravages was a different man. His whole mentality, as well as his physical appearance, seemed changed. He became strangely morbid, with a sombre dread of some indefinable disaster. "I am afraid of life," he wrote to George Sand ; and in spite of three years of the most careful treatment he remained gloomy, nervous, and intensely irritable. He describes his morbid outlook in a very characteristic simile :

"I had a complete presentiment of life. . . . It was like a sickly smell of cooking escaping through a ventilator. One does not need to have eaten to know that it will make one sick."

It is believed by many that this disease, though it came so early in life, marks the end of Flaubert's creative period ; and Maxime Ducamp, who knew him more intimately than any other human being, asserts (though Mr. Tarver does not mention this) that substantially all the original part of Flaubert's later work had been conceived if not actually sketched before this time. However this may be, the seizure certainly arrested his mental development and radically altered his entire temperament ; and to this also is probably due the lateness with which he began the actual work of production, for his first and greatest work, *Madame Bovary*, was not published until 1857, when the author was in his thirty-seventh year.

This wonderful novel was brought forth with great travail and mental anguish. To write was indescribably difficult to Flaubert, who, like Balzac, tortured himself in his devotion to style, writing, rewriting, excising, waiting hours for just the right word to come to him, and often at the last ruthlessly cutting out paragraphs that had cost him a week's incessant toil. In eight days of endless labour, so he tells a friend, he had finished only two pages ; and the agony of creation was intense. Clothed in a dressing-gown of extraordinary pattern, he would rise at four and work till ten, snarling like a wild beast over his desk, groaning, chanting each phrase as he finished it, and sometimes, when just the right phrase seemed hopelessly beyond his grasp, bursting into howls of despair, with floods of passionate tears. But the great reward came to him at last. Published in the *Revue de Paris*, and then in a book, *Madame Bovary* became the sensation of the year. It was, as a critic has said, not a realistic novel ; it was, rather, realism itself. The vividness and truth of its every character, the compact and muscular form in which it is cast, the absolute perfection of its style, all raised it to the rank of a classic from the moment of its completion. Only one thing more could possibly enhance the sensation which it produced, and this one thing was not wanting. Dur-

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ing the course of its publication in the *Revue de Paris* the government authorities had given a formal warning to the author; and now that the book was finished he was prosecuted for an offence against morality. The prosecution failed, and only resulted in giving to the novel a still greater vogue. Not many years after Flaubert was decorated with the Legion of Honour.

Mr. Tarver furnishes his readers with an admirably concise summary of the plot of *Madame Bovary;* and even those who well remember the original can read once more with interest the story of the young woman, weak, sentimental, shallow, who has a yearning for things above her station and for the experiences of passion, but who is fated to dwell in a dull country town as the wife of a commonplace, uninteresting medical man; her successive lapses into vice; her extravagance; her rejection by both her lovers; the whole sordid tragedy of her suicide and death. Mr. Tarver does well to point out the essential morality of the whole novel, which is in reality a great sermon, a terrible, almost cruel denunciation of sin. For Flaubert, so far from showing any tenderness to the woman whose life he limns, makes his hatred of her at the last startlingly apparent. Line by line and stroke by stroke he accumulates the evidence of her falsity, of her baseness, of her lascivious folly, until at the end one shudders at his pitiless power and the merciless severity of his revelations. There is, in fact, not a line or a paragraph that can allure to vice. One might say *a priori* that a work which in France fell under the censure of the official moralist must indeed be bad; but it must be remembered that the real brunt of the attack upon it was directed by ecclesiastical influence and inspired largely by the horror which many persons felt on reading a single passage—that last scene, where Emma, dying by her own hand, receives the extreme unction from the priest. But, as Mr. Tarver points out, the language of that passage is all but a literal translation of the Paris ritual, and that "the outrage on religion consists in the artistic skill with which the whole scene is led up to and developed. The incongruity between Emma's life and the ease with which she was accepted by the Church in her last moments is brought into startling relief. . . . What was resented was not Flaubert's irreverence, but his stern severity."

Mr. Tarver translates the passage in question to illustrate his argument. We reproduce it here, as showing better than almost any other the consummate art of the novelist and the compactness and force of his style, whose basic qualities may be felt even in the English version.

"The priest rose to take the crucifix; then she stretched out her neck like a thirsty man, and, pressing her lips on the body of the Man-God, bestowed upon it with all her dying strength the most fervently loving kiss that she had ever given. Then he recited the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam*, dipped his right thumb in the oil and began the unctions: first on the eyes, which had so eagerly coveted all the pomps of the world; then on the nostrils, which had delicately scented warm breezes and amorous odours; then on the mouth, which had opened to tell lies, which had groaned with pride and cried out in debauchery; then on the hands, which had delighted in caresses; and lastly on the soles of the feet, once so nimble, when they ran to the satisfaction of their desires, and which would never walk again."

The whole death scene is appalling, for Flaubert pursues his victim after the breath leaves her body, and denies her even the solemnity that dignifies other deaths. Her watchers quarrel by her side; eating and drinking make the vigil grotesque; and her requiem is the filthy song of the horrible beggar of Bois Guillaume, with the mask-like face and the bleeding eyes.

Madame Bovary is a very striking illustration of the difference between true realism and the excesses of the naturalistic school. Everywhere Flaubert is reticent and self-restrained. Take the famous scene where Emma drives about Rouen with Léon Dupuis in the closed cab—a paragraph suppressed on the original appearance of the story in the *Revue de Paris*—and consider how a naturalistic novelist like Zola would have treated the same incident. Instead of a paragraph we should have had a chapter, and what a reeking, unsavoury, unspeakable chapter it would have been! Moreover, Flaubert's merits are seen just as truly in his treatment of the characters and events that are subordinate to his central theme. All his provincials—Charles, the immortal Homais, the crafty peddler Lheureux, the gentleman-farmer Boulanger, the country notabilities at the agricultural show—all these and a score of others are sketched with a wealth of incident fully equal to Balzac's, and a

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fidelity beyond even that of the French Shakespeare. In every portion of this epoch-making work Flaubert is seen to be absolutely apart from the writers who have abused and corrupted the example of their great master, and who, as has been strikingly said, see only the beast in man, and view humanity as "a swarming, huddled mass of growling creatures, each hounded on by his own foul appetites of greed and lust."

It is impossible within the compass of a review to dwell any longer upon Mr. Tarver's excellent work or upon its subject. Suffice it to say that he has dealt with all of Flaubert's work in the same critical and sympathetic spirit, giving the full details that are necessary to a comprehension of its significance. Especially complete and satisfactory will be found his account of the circumstances of the production of *Salammbô*, that remarkable story of ancient Carthage, so interesting to the archæologist for the minuteness and profundity of its learning and for the gorgeousness of its imaginative effects. The whole book is most cordially to be commended, as giving the reader a clear and accurate understanding of the work of one who directly inspired a literary movement that is the most vitally far-reaching of any that our century has seen.

Harry Thurston Peck.

"A LITTLE GLORY."*

"As the air grew black and the winter closed swiftly around me, the fluttering fire blazed out more luminous, and, arresting its flight, hovered waiting. . . . Plainly a bird-butterfly, it flew with a certain swallowy double. Its wings were very large, nearly square, and flashed all the colours of the rainbow. Wondering at their splendour, I became so absorbed in their beauty that I stumbled over a low rock and lay stunned. . . . Fearing then another fall, I sat down to watch the little glory, and a great longing awoke in me to have it in my hand. To my unspeakable delight, it began to sink towards me. Slowly at first, then swiftly it sank, growing larger as it came nearer. I felt as if the treasure of the universe were giving itself to me—put out my hand and had it. But the instant I took it its light went out; all was dark as pitch; a *dead book* with boards outspread lay cold and heavy in my hand."

Some such catastrophe as this is the Nemesis of the reviewer; it is especially likely to overtake one who tries to analyse and estimate such a book as *Lilith*, which should be followed and not dissected; yet that one may stumble through not taking heed to his steps, even though the way be enlightened by the best of books, is known almost too well by the present reviewer.

It was a delightful surprise, which one scolded one's self for not having anticipated, when the book was announced some months ago. For to what purpose has one been a student of an author these many years, comparing diligently one book with another and tracing the meaning of a fairy tale amid the everyday features of the novel, if one could not perceive that his heart was full of the story of Lilith, and foretell that he would one day tell it in full? But no prophet could have foretold the moment at which it would at last reach us!

It was advertised as being like *Phantastes*, and so it is, as the dreams of youth resemble the visions of an age which is not the second, but the first and only, the eternal childhood. It is curious to note the resemblance and the dissimilarity; the identity of the character of the several heroes, Anodos, and Mr. Vane, and yet the growth by virtue of which one has become the other. It would scarcely be true to say that Mr. Vane begins where Anodos leaves off; but certainly he goes much deeper into the eternal verities before leaving off in his turn. The final chord of the one is that of youthful expectancy, "Some great good is coming to thee, Anodos;" that of the other, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come," and, "man dreams and desires; God broods and wills and quickens." But this characteristic is one for which the author did by no means plan; it is involuntary and inevitable; and as it shows growth it proves life, and life proves everything. And it is all true!

The function of the reviewer, however, is to review and not to rhapsodise. Let us confess at the outset that we seriously object to the hero's name. Mr. Vane is of the same significance, perhaps, as Anodos, but does not sound nearly so well. And surely in all the tongues of this modern Babel, one other besides Greek and English or Latin could have been found capable of expressing the concept of instability or "wherelessness." Also, at the first, one is rather repelled by the machinery of

* Lilith: A Romance. By George Macdonald. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

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the tale; the methods of rapid transit between the worlds of three and of seven dimensions seem unnecessarily complicated and even undignified; the latter term applying particularly to the transformations of Mr. Raven. One is inclined to criticise from within as a fellow of the craft, and to say that the author was hampered by the traditions of *Phantastes*. With a building so infinitely broader and deeper, it had been better to construct a scaffolding of altogether a new and different pattern. But from the effort mentally to erect such a scaffolding for one's own satisfaction, one retired a gladder and a wiser person with the acquired knowledge that even the scaffolding is alive and growing with its roots in essential truth. The mirror which is the doorway to Mr. Raven's country is, as he explains, "the perfect law of liberty," into which a man passes, losing sight of himself altogether if he continue therein. And for the grotesquerie, in what other form than the grotesque can eyes not fully open to the world of seven dimensions behold its truths? How, except in terms of the grotesque, shall things too wonderful for us find expression? Mr. Vane was at his first meeting with Mr. Raven incapable of seeing him as he afterwards beheld him in his dream. It was his fault, and not Adam's or the author's.

To continue the comparison with *Phantastes*, one fancies the character-drawing not so indistinct; even Lady Mara, the Lady of Sorrow, dwelling in the House of Bitterness, born to help and to bring home her wandering brothers and sisters, though she explains and justifies many traits of friends long ago introduced to us by Dr. Macdonald, scarcely impresses us with the vividness of "the old, old woman with the young eyes," through whose door Anodos went out into the Timeless. But perhaps we were younger then! Eve, the Lady of the New Jerusalem, is very shadowy indeed, however beautiful the conception. And the Bags are far inferior to the Blockheads, which *would* trample on the child who was gathering butterfly wings until Anodos stood them on their heads and left them helpless!

But the fault of indistinctness can by no means be charged against Lilith herself; who, whether as vampire, leopardess, princess or penitent, is thrilling with life to the tips of the closed fingers under which she has held for thousands of years the waters she reft from the desert. Nor is there in all literature—I say it deliberately, aware that I am not myself acquainted with all literature—a keener spiritual analysis than the "punition" of Lilith in the house of Mara. "The worm-thing, vivid as incandescent silver, the live heart of essential fire," which crept into the being of the princess through the black spot upon her side; the hair that alternately stood out from her head and emitted sparks, then hung and poured the sweat of her torture on the floor, while as yet no tears came to her closed eyes; the invisible water which lifted and floated her, the "horrible nothingness, negation positive" that enfolded her, the recoil from Death Absolute, Annihilation! Her triumph, "when suddenly her eyes fixed in a ghastly stare" as she beheld, cast from an unseen heavenly mirror, the reflection of that which God had meant her to be side by side with what she had made herself!

It is a relief to turn from so sombre a picture, though there be hope beyond it, to consider the lilies; one would say, "the Little Ones." Oh! the dear little Lovers; surely no one but Dr. Macdonald ever succeeded in photographing essential childhood! And oh, the Mr. Vanes of this world who would use the Little Ones for conquest and the foundation of empires. For the benediction of childhood is to aid in the redemption of the world, not by doing, but by being. The Little Ones are indispensable to the story, not because Lilith would have devoured them, but because it is a story of seven dimensions, which is the measure of the real. And it is with a sense of discord that we return to the world of shams, of masks and no faces under them; a world which puts the shadow for the substance, unaware of that other world touching it, where the dimensions are only two, the world under the dominion of the great shadow.

It is well to be reminded of the being of that world where dwell Mr. Raven and the Lady of Sorrow; that world but for the existence of which Thoreau would have "moved out of Concord;" the world whose trees grow up from the ruins of our ancient churches and through our kitchen chimneys, while our wedding marches add to the perfume of their rose trees. Some of those

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who were accustomed to worship in the ruined church go there still, needing "help from each other to get their thinking done and their feelings hatched." But they have found that each can best pray in his own silent heart. And the prayers are living things, birds or flowers.

But one must really take some account of space if not of time; and reviewing *Lilith* is like reviewing an Apocalypse. Those who live, or at least some of them, as well as those who are only coming alive, will understand *Lilith* — not all of them. There are many true souls for whom it is written in a tongue not understanded of the people; and to the Greeks it will be foolishness, to the wise of this world sound signifying nothing. But to others its song is the old, old song:

"The stars are spinning their threads,
And the clouds are the dust that flies,
And the suns are weaving them up
For the time when the sleepers shall rise.

* * * * *

"Oh, the dews and the moths and the daisy red,
The larks and the glimmers and flows,
The lilies and sparrows and daily bread,
And the something that nobody knows."

Katharine Pearson Woods.

FIONA MACLEOD.*

Let us regard Fiona Macleod's *Pharais* and *The Mountain Lovers* as experiments, and this not merely in concession to our halting and wavering judgments. The initiator of a movement is entitled to gratitude over and above that which the success achieved may entitle. These particular books have something in them which must attract certain temperaments, and which, as certainly, will repel others. Let the experimenter's honour, at least, be claimed for Fiona Macleod. Untempered praise is comfortless. Let us be content to be interested, to be charmed very often, and to wait for more. It may be for Fiona Macleod we are waiting, it may be for some one else. We have been waiting long. Taking the books at their lowest estimate, then, as experiments, they are attempts to reveal the heart of a foreign country in the Highlands of Scotland, a tract of Scottish territory in which Mr. Barrie and Mr. Crockett are aliens as much as are the dwellers across the Scottish border, a country of a different language, and of a different accent and vocabulary when it uses its neighbour's tongue; to a large extent of a different religion, different ideas, different (and fewer) aptitudes; a country in which, since bardic days, poetry has expressed itself but seldom in written words, the home of a people at once highly poetical and unliterary. Tourists with a turn for fiction have travestied their speech and character; immediate neighbours, between whom and themselves, even in these peaceful days, there is a tacit feud, have found in them endless materials for jokes. Their history and legend have been told over and over again by appreciative outsiders, but seldom with the native flavour. Their poetry is lost, or untranslated, or dishonoured by vague and mawkish English words; their music given to the winds to keep, the winds that made it. Scott, the Borderer, skirted the country, and, poet that he was, in a chapter or two, a character or two, more especially in a song or two, spoke out its heart. Stevenson, Lowlander of the Lowlanders, by his genius and sympathy was inspired to make Alan Breck—as Loti, an alien in Brittany, made for himself and us a friend in *Mon Frère Yves*. For the rest the Celtic Scot, or more correctly—for this is no mere question of race, and the Celts are everywhere, but of environment, history, and local circumstance—the Scottish Highlander is unknown still, till he travels, and amalgamates, and leavens the race he mates with. He is not altogether to be read in his more articulate Irish brother; he has a mind and character widely differing from his Welsh and Breton cousins, though all the family records concern him. The notable attempt made by Macpherson in the last century had its ludicrous sides, which help to explain some of the ridicule it excited in the literary England ruled by the prejudices as well as the powers of Dr. Johnson, and though the *Bardengebrüll* it gave

* Pharais. By Fiona Macleod. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.25 net.
The Mountain Lovers. By Fiona Macleod. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

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rise to in Germany was sometimes foolish, yet Ossian, sham and real, was to Goethe an inspiration. Its spirit travelled throughout Europe with a speed and force that almost stamp the later English poetry—save Byron's—as insular, by contrast. The modern poetry of nature owes it an unpayable debt, and to every Celtic heart the Ossian rhapsodies have a reality.

The talent or the ambition to express himself has been hitherto much lacking in the Highlander, and perhaps poetry would be the form most natural to him. But Fiona Macleod has made the attempt in a kind of poetic fiction. She attempts, perhaps luckily, little in the way of plot or circumstance of time more definite than this in *The Mountain Lovers:*

"The tragic end of Anabal Gilchrist, the doom that had fulfilled itself for Torcall Cameron; what was either but apiece with the passing of the ancient language, though none wished it to go; with the exile of the sons, though they would fain live and die where their fathers wooed their mothers; with the coming of strangers and strange ways, and a new bewildering death cold spirit, that had no respect for the green graves, and jeered at ancient things and the wisdom of the old—strangers whom none had sought, none wished, and whose coming meant the going of even the few hill-folk who prospered in the Machar, the fertile meadows and pastures along the mountain bases?"

The ancient language has been passing long; the sons began to wander long ago. Any time from the memorable 1845 to the tourist-ridden present would serve as date. And the story would fit any age. Two young lovers separated by the feuds of their houses, two old ones by the hate bred by love wronged and distorted, and the irresponsible influence on their lives of a child and a dwarf with a half-developed mind—there is little more in it. The dwarf's search for his soul, the child's pranks and elfin singing, love-making, birth, peaceful and tragic death, such are the human contents of the tale, which has less interest as a story than as the fulfilment of an intention. The incidents and characters are there to mark a spirit, the spirit of a humanity that has needed no luxurious epoch, little intellectual or priestly training to purify its soul, that, in its best instances, save under strong excitements, is tender, mild, religious, and poetical, and living in near and sensitive intimacy with nature. So, at least, in *The Mountain Lovers* does Fiona Macleod read the Highland character and genius with greater power than in *Pharais.* The strongest of all the Celtic passions, the love for earth and sky, may exist without much first-hand observation of nature, may be expressed by rhapsodies that could not be disentangled into the components of their inspiration; but Fiona Macleod does not run this danger. Here, first of all, has she attained to genuine power. One thing we have noted with doubt. It is more a query than a criticism. There is a note in her writing which sounds particularly modern—the cry of the woman for her burden. Is this a Celtic revival? Or merely a rather incongruous borrowing from present discontents? This descent of the Scandinavian pirate on the isles is, however, an interesting, if inharmonious disturbance of the spirit of both books.

Her story no more purposes to reveal the whole character of the Highland Celt than does *Hermann and Dorothea,* for instance, purpose to summarise the Teuton. It breathes merely of their poetical sense and their affections. And the writer is not to blame if a susceptible Southern reader go in vain search of Oona and Alan and Sorcha, in his autumn holiday, and find only persons of very different pattern. The Highlander of to-day, as of yesterday, has such threads in his character, and for the purposes of pastoral poetry and of fairy-tale they are fitting, besides forming an effective contrast to the shrewdness, the sternness, the hard energy, of the Scot portrayed in popular Lowland fiction. We do not moan over what she has omitted. She has led the way; and in further developments the music of the strathspey may mingle with the love-song and the coronach; we may catch glimpses of a more whole and varied Highlander than she has given us—both wild and mild; humorous and morose; gentle and fanatic; enthusiast and pagan; fiddler, dreamer, and dancer; demonstrative to shame any decent Englishman, and with reserves deep as the gullies in his hills; frugal, enduring, patient; endlessly indolent, suddenly fierce. Modern life has reached him now and remade him partly, but the remaking is still only skin deep.

Annie Macdonell.

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CERVANTES.*

Mr. Watts must be counted among the happy men, for he has been loyal to an enthusiasm for a great man and a great book; he has spent years of labour in making the glory of these shine brighter, and has never once dishonoured their great names by slovenliness or pedantry. About the worth of such work as his there can be no doubt, and the legions of writers of feeble originalities might well envy him. His reward he may never entirely reap; but one would hope that frequent rumours might reach him of fires lit by him in other hearts, or of smouldering ashes rekindled by the torch of his enthusiasm. We have few good translators to-day, and Mr. Watts deserves a clearer commendation than being named in the first rank. His *Don Quixote* is among the notablest renderings of foreign classics that England has ever produced. We have all read the immortal book in other versions, Shelton's, if we were fortunate, or Motteux's, or Jarvis's, and, even if we are not Spanish scholars, we did not need to wait for Mr. Watts to see the wit and the beauty of the romance. But he has certainly made us faithless to the *Don Quixotes* of our childhood. The sentiment clinging about tattered and bethumbed old volumes, conned by several generations, vanishes before this prosaically brand-new book. Faithful and accurate as are its renderings, and numerous and painstaking as are its notes, these cold virtues cannot chill us, coming as they do in the company of such loving enthusiasm for the spirit as well as the letter, such zest for the colour and the savour of the original.

These books may be treated as new. The first editions were strictly limited. And to the second have gone much revision, a little compression, some addition in the notes, and considerable enlargement in the biography. This best of all the English versions is one for the general household library; for the publishers have placed it within the reach of most who are willing to make a little sacrifice for books; and what other book, save Shakespeare, is there that can so effectively wrest time from the greedy grasp of the worthless rubbish of the day? None the less is it the edition for the scholar; its notes, its learned appendices on the romances of chivalry, on the chronology and the itinerary of Don Quixote, and other matters, summarise the results of the best and latest research respecting Cervantes. But one thing should be noted. That notes and appendices are made to be skipped—after the examination epoch of one's life—is the fervent belief of one reader who nevertheless read all these, and who found entertainment in them when he was in no mood for instruction. This is a test of intelligent editing, that a reader with a merely human interest in the classic should be tempted to share all the editor's wanderings. This one takes you into no obscure corners unless he knows of something curious or interesting. So much for a translation which made an honourable reputation on its first appearance, but which merits special mention now in its revised and popular form.

Mr. Watts has virtually written three lives of Cervantes. One previously formed the first volume of his *Don Quixote*. A second appeared in the "Great Writers" series. The present is so amplified and revised a form of the first as to be almost a new book. A comparison between the three will not show much difference in the main sections, perhaps; but besides containing a good many more details of interest, and discussing more fully some doubtful points, the latest version is more harmonious and more readable. He is almost an ideal translator; for his biography it is impossible to say as much. But we can say that it is a delightful book, that it warms the heart with its humanity and enthusiasm, that it is a worthy retelling of a most romantic story. He is a special pleader, of course; he is a lover who hates whatever has brought harm to his darling. He has prejudices, and he says hard things when they are uppermost. The Spanish neglect of *Don Quixote*, and some French translators of the work come in for sweeping condemnation; while Lope de Vega he almost forces us to defend, against our inclinations, by the heat of his indignation. But his

* The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha. By Miguel Cervantes Saavedra. Done into English by Henry Edward Watts. 4 vols. New Edition, Revised. New York: Macmillan & Co. $8.00.

Miguel de Cervantes, His Life and Works. By Henry Edward Watts. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.50.

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partisanship never misleads. Very candid is he respecting facts, and if sometimes he draws too large inferences, you need not follow him. It is too soon yet to join in his suspicions, nay, his certainty, concerning Lope de Vega's connection with Avellaneda's spurious version of the second part of *Don Quixote*. The connection is not proven, and for the credit of human nature let us be careful of Lope's shaky honour while we can. The unpublished letters of Lope are kept from the light, it is said, because they contain "scandal about Lope the priest and Inquisitor." Mr. Watts evidently expects, on poor evidence, if he confides it all to us, that they contain the full explanation of the great wrong done to Cervantes's literary honour—a pure surmise, but with nothing disingenuous about it. Even if he be unjust there is no great harm done, he possibly thinks, for Lope was in all surety a mean-souled creature; and then he had such a good time of it in life compared with Cervantes. Well, Mr. Watts has a fine subject in man and book. Of all the great writers of the world with whom we have as close an intimacy, which of them is so nobly mated with his finest work? Galley-slave, adventurer, tax-gatherer, literary hack, his life is on the face of it a long series of degradations. Vagabond he was, and wastrel he may have been. But not a rumour of him has come down to us, and not a line has he written but stamp him magnanimous, gentle, and brave.

"The most engaging personality in all the world of letters," says his English biographer. And his charm and valour are kept safe forever in the best-loved book of the Western world.

GALT REDIVIVUS.*

The revival of interest in the works and life of John Galt, testified to in so remarkable a manner by the issue of the *Annals of the Parish* and *The Ayrshire Legatees* in the Messrs. Macmillan's Standard Novel Series during the summer, and now by the initial volumes of the Messrs. Blackwood's very handsome edition of Galt's novels through Roberts Brothers is no doubt due to the success of the present Scottish school of fiction, and of its *dii majores*, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Crockett, and Ian Maclaren. Canon Ainger, who certainly does ample justice to Galt, and especially to the Goldsmithian side of him, but who yet somehow suggests the idea of a cultured and polite Englishman doing his ineffectual best to be comfortable in a hard-bottomed Scottish arm-chair, in which he has planted himself in obedience to the rude cordiality of "Sit ye doon!" makes a special point of this in his introduction to the Messrs. Macmillan's volume. Referring to *A Window in Thrums*, which he rightly regards as Mr. Barrie's masterpiece, he says it "owes its success to the dominance of character over plot—character drawn with consummate humour and pathos." And he proceeds to express the hope that "Galt's earlier study of life in a Scottish parish, in its different way no less a masterpiece, may once more receive a welcome proportionate to its unquestionable truth and charm." The hope deserves and is likely to be realised, but let there be no misunderstanding of the true significance of its realisation. Beyond all question *The Annals of the Parish* is "in its different way no less a masterpiece" than *A Window in Thrums*. But the difference is really an absolute contrast, for it is the contrast between Scotland of the old Moderate days, and Scotland as it has been spiritualised and morally revolutionised by the Evangelical party, which secured its purely ecclesiastical triumph in the formation of the Free Church in 1843. It is the humour and the pathos of *A Window in Thrums*, *The Stickit Minister*, and *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* that have given them their popularity. But imagine that humour and that pathos no longer in alliance with the intense though mystical religious faith which transformed Chalmers, as it transformed Hendry McQumpha, the young minister who was neglected of men but not of beasts, and Dr. William MacLure, and these books cease to have any permanent historical or psychological value. Galt could not have laid bare the agonies of the son from London; he could not even have told the story of the glove. On the other hand, Mr. Barrie is incapable of giving us Mr. Cayenne—who is in reality a more finished production than even

* Annals of the Parish and The Ayrshire Legatees. By John Galt. Edited by D. Storrar Meldrum. With introduction by S. R. Crockett. Two vols. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.25.

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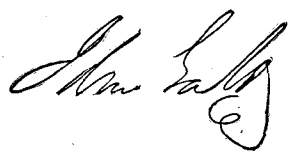
Peregrine Touchwood in *St. Ronan's Well*—of the whole episode of whose life and death Canon Ainger (being now on safe and familiar ground) says without a tincture of exaggeration, "Had Galt always been up to this level, he would have ranked with the greatest names in English fiction."

The revival of Galt, therefore, means an attempt to give him his proper place as an eminent if not a great British classic—a place beside Goldsmith and Defoe. Both Mr. Ainger and Mr. Crockett, therefore, have done well to emphasise his limitations. When Galt went out of his own experiences to manufacture character, he made great mistakes. He became artificial and worse. Nor is Mr. Crockett the only admirer of Galt who finds it impossible to finish *The Spaewife* or *Ringan Gilhaizie*. The circumstances, the strain and stress, of Galt's "hither-and-thither" but on the whole gallant and not ignoble life, impelled him to produce a great deal of work which, like that of Scott's latest years of desperate hurry, was unworthy of him. Had he written a tenth of what he has done, it would have been on the shelves of the classics ere now. The popular view of that tenth is that it consists of *The Annals of the Parish*, *The Provost*, and *The Ayrshire Legatees*, and that this order is also the order of their merit. Mr. Crockett and Mr. Ainger agree essentially with this view. Yet I confess to cherishing a greater fondness for *The Provost* than for any other of its author's works. It does not contain such a variety of character as *The Annals;* but it is more coherent, and I think also more consistent. It boasts one descriptive passage—the account of "The Windy Gale," which is really the high-water mark of Galt's prose style; and the final narrative of the manœuvres by which Mr. Pawkie secures to himself the presentation of "a very handsome silver cup, bearing an inscription in the Latin tongue," is, as a practical exposition of the creed of what Mr. Crockett happily terms "couthy self-interest," absolutely unparalleled. And then in *The Provost*, Galt is absolutely true to his native Irvine, although I suspect Mr. Crockett does not make sufficient allowance for the influence on an impressionable mind of the novelist's second home, which made Carlyle, the most remorseless of all literary photographers, note "the air of a sedate Greenock burgher." I should say that *The Annals* and *The Provost* stand first among Galt's works—and equal—and that *The Ayrshire Legatees* makes an admirable third. In many respects, indeed, *The Legatees* is the most enjoyable of the three. Cast in the form of letters, it can with perfect ease be read in instalments; it is full of kindliness, which is based perhaps on worldliness, but is none the less genuine or comforting on that account; and Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Mickleham, if not also the self-suffi-



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cient Edinburgh advocate, Andrew Pringle, are almost as deserving of being taken to heart as the three Mrs. Balwhidders, Mrs. Malcolm, and Kate.

This edition of Galt's works, judged by the volumes which have made their appearance, is deserving of very hearty praise. Mr. Crockett is a very judicious and cordial, but not over-enthusiastic critic. Mr. John Wallace, who illustrates the humour of Galt with an exquisite touch, has only given a taste of his quality, but that is very appetising. Mr. Meldrum edits the novels with his usual painstaking care, and contributes a well-written account of Galt's too strenuous but not passionate life. But why did Mr. Meldrum omit that most delightful incident—Galt's return to Irvine to get the freedom of the burgh offered to him by his own Provost Pawkie, in a speech full of "good sense, of tact, and taste," and devoid of "the sort of balderdash common on such occasions"? At last, we have an edition of Galt worthy of one of the greatest of all masters of the Scottish character and of the Scottish language, whose humour was as real as Scott's, who had no fellowship with vulgarity, and artistically eschewed what Mr. Henley styles "the thick Scots wit that fells you like a mace," and which perhaps exists only in the imagination of those who live beyond the Border and over the seas.

William Wallace.

SISTER SONGS.*

There is a glittering coloured surface on Mr. Thompson's poetry, with a distracting wealth of hybrid design. A reader may not be to blame who gets no further than the surface, who either stays to admire, to revel in shape and hue and image, or who flees from the sight of a nightmare pattern, lawless, restless, and unfamiliar. More apparent than in the earlier volume are his wealth, or his lavishness, or his barbaric splendour—whatever name, kind or unkind, you call the quality by—more apparent, too, his loving craft, or his painful laboriousness. Of even delight there need be no expectation. Of spontaneity, in the design and detail, there is little, I think, but would speak guardedly, for spontaneity has not always simple utterance. One could fill long pages with perfectly well-grounded complaints regarding a craftsman who handles his materials with love, and who nevertheless is incredibly careless, who loses himself in strange confusion of delights, and forgets the oversight that breeds harmony. The critical reader may be left to do it for himself. But he will not have judged Mr. Thompson finally by saying he dislikes such lines as—

> "Some with languors of waved arms,
> Fluctuous oared their flexile way;
> Some were borne half resupine
> On the aërial hyaline."

One is certainly tempted by fatigue, or by enjoyment, to go no further than the surface, than what delights and interests or irritates the eye as it reads. And, whether attracted or repelled, inhuman poetry does it then appear. But his poetry is not this mere shell. It has an outside, hybrid in design, flamboyant, erring in art through laboured searching for it, original, and only wanting in strength through excess of varied vigour. So the façade and the doors. But there is reason for entering. It is very dark inside, bare, not cheerful, echoing with prayers and songs. These are not difficult or alien, or ambitious; most recognisable, indeed, are they, the prayers and songs of human suffering. A strange poem is this he has written to two little children, inchoate, unfitting its subject, complex and difficult and heavy, where light simplicity seems by every law demanded, yet moving the heart as does hardly another poem of to-day. Before this he has said to any who may search for his face in the other world—

> "Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod
> Among the bearded counsellors of God;
> * * * * * *
> Look for me in the nurseries of heaven."

The loved and the sad lover are here pathetically contrasted—the aerial innocence and irresponsible grace with the ugliness through which a soul has passed that has bought experience. Says he to the lady of Spring—

> "Oh, keep still in thy train
> After the years when others therefrom fade,
> This tiny, well-beloved maid!

*Sister Songs. By Francis Thompson. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.50.

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To whom the gate of my heart's fortalice,
With all which in it is,
And the shy self who doth therein immew him
'Gainst what loud leaguers battailously woo him,
I, bribed traitor to him,
Set open for one kiss."

And, in reply, Spring's lady says to Sylvia,

" mine immortalising
Touch I lay upon thy heart,
Thy soul's fair shape
In my unfading mantle's green I drape,
And thy white mind shall rest by my devising
A Gideon-fleece amid life's dusty drouth."

Yet a child's soul is a temple, and the dusty wayfarer will not too much linger in its way.

" I will not feed my unpastured heart
On thee, green pleasaunce as thou art,
To lessen by one flower thy happy daisies white."

But the child has given him what cannot die out of him :

" This fragile song is but a curled
Shell out-gathered from thy sea,
And murmurous still of its nativity."

Even a reviewer may have his reticences. And the most beautiful passage of the book this one would rather tell a reader to search for than write out here. It is a tragic idyll of city childhood, an experience seen and lived through by one lying in suffering underneath " the abashless inquisition of each star." Mr. Thompson builds a defence for himself with many distracting and arresting figures on its outer walls. And he has need of it. Once penetrate, and there lies a soul laid bare. Yet he passes with some for an impersonal, inhuman poet.

This tragic contrast between childhood, gay, free, and exquisite, and the maturity of a poet with experiences terribly bought, is the main theme. There are other incidental points of interest. Among them is his doctrine of the soul, that it

" has no parts, and cannot grow,
Unfurled not from an embryo,
Born of full stature, lineal to control,"

and has to wait for the body's and the mind's increase of power ere it fulfil itself. Another is his expression of the irresponsibility of the poet :—

" Where the last leaf fell from his bough,
He knows not if a leaf shall grow,
Where he sows he doth not reap,
He reapeth where he doth not sow ;
He sleeps, and dreams forsake his sleep
To meet him on his waking way.
Vision will mate him not by law and vow."

Of such substance and texture is the poem—unsingable songs to two children, offending and exalting at every other moment, made by a poet who, with an intimate knowledge of the eternal simple verities that appeal to all the world, sings these to the few, a poet, let us add, resignedly, or gratefully, but finally, who is unteachable by critics, literary or otherwise.

" Let workaday wisdom blink sage lids thereat ;
Which towers a flight three hedgerows high, poor bat !
And straightway charts me out the empyreal air.
Its chart I wing not by, its canon of worth
Scorn not, nor wreck though mine should brew it mirth."

A. M.

A FAREWELL TO MR. NORRIS.*

We are obliged to confess that we entertain a personal grudge against Mr. Norris, and we are going to tell the reason why. Some fifteen years ago, when Mr. Norris came before the reading public with his earliest novels, *Mademoiselle de Mersac* and *Heaps of Money*, we began to entertain a very strong conviction that a new novelist of great power and originality had arisen to take the place of the mighty men who had just passed off the scene. This conviction was, as we believed, confirmed and justified beyond a doubt when *Matrimony* was given to the world. *Matrimony* is a really great book, not only relatively, but absolutely. It has keen insight into human nature, a remarkable power of stirring the heart and enlisting all one's sympathies, a wealth of invention, a genuine and genial humour, and a vigorous, muscular, and finished style. Its characters are as full of life and reality as those of Thackeray ; and, like those of Shakespeare and Thackeray, the most unimportant personages are as carefully differentiated and as vitally individual as the protagonists. The wealth of creative invention in this novel is wonderful. The elder Gervis, with his clever cynicism and depths of generosity, the shallow and selfish Nina, the frivolous little Princess with the everlasting skeleton in her closet, the Polish rascal who still has a sneaking remnant of human sympathy,

* Billy Bellew. By W. E. Norris. New York : Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

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old Flemyng, the bore, Freddie, Claud, and Genevieve—these are not imaginary personages, but living human beings, as much so as Colonel Newcome, and Arthur Pendennis, and Foker, and Benedick, and Polonius, and Falstaff. And so, for that matter, are the old poacher, and the aspiring young brewer, and the French critic. *Matrimony* is a book to read over at least twice a year as long as one lives.

Well, having read it and vastly admired it, we went about talking Norris to every one who would listen. Here is the great English novelist of the latter half of the century. Here is the hope of contemporary fiction, the dawning glory of our literature. Watch and see what he will do next. So many watched, and we, the prophets of the new cult, watched too. But alas! so did the publishers, who fell upon Mr. Norris and beguiled him with bank-cheques, and caressed him with contracts, and killed him with kindness. Then listened he to the voice of the tempter and the clink of coin, so that he sacrificed to Mammon and smothered his talents on the altar of *funesta Pecunia*. In a few of his other novels—*Thirlby Hall*, *No New Thing*, and *Adrian Vidal*—the fire still burned, but the era of pot-boilers had begun, and we turned away from the spectacle of a brilliant mind prostituting its genius like an intellectual *souteneur*. *Major and Minor*, *The Baffled Conspirators*, *Marcia*, *That Terrible Man*—why sum up the melancholy list? Oh, the pity of it! the pity of it!

And here is the latest of the list, readable, entertaining, full of clever turns, but full also of the suggestion of what might have been. And in it Mr. Norris has the temerity to take us back to Algeria again. We should have thought that the shade of Mademoiselle de Mersac would have risen up and wrested the pen from out his hands. We are not going to review the book, and we shall review no more books of Mr. Norris. Out of the intensity of our admiration for the great work that he did in the days before he was transformed by the Circes of trade, we decline to call any further attention to the painful contrast; we shall leave him hereafter to the undisturbed enjoyment of his mess of pottage. We trust that the pottage is rich and savoury and abundant in quantity. It ought to be all that, because it represents the price for which has been flung away the fruition of a great creative genius.

P. K.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE LITTLE HUGUENOT. A Romance of the Forest of Fontainebleau. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 75 cts.

The success of *The Impregnable City* assured a cordial reception to any later work of the author; but *The Little Huguenot* needs no such victorious advance-guard to open the path to her. She is quite strong enough to stand alone, winning her own way by the might of her innocent wisdom and the irresistible witchery of her rare beauty. It is a very real presence, that of this girl-widow of eighteen living a life of intellectual contentment and usefulness, surrounded by many scholarly men and women—artists, musicians, poets, and philosophers—whom, as like draws like, she has gathered about her. Their minds, no less than hers, are filled with lofty ideals towards the accomplishment of which their united powers are bent. There is no sense of emptiness or dulness in the days thus spent in the old château, which is shut away by the silence and the shadows of the Forest of Fontainebleau from all disturbing sound, all soiling sight of the corrupt court that is so dangerously near.

Time hangs heavier there, where pleasure is the only resource, and the king is weary of everything. So worn and bored that he gives interested attention to the tales—which have hitherto reached him unheeded—of this secluded young widow, who is said to be not only the most pious and the most spotless, but also the most beautiful woman in all France. He suddenly decides that she shall be brought to his court whether she be willing or not. But he hesitates, wanting a pretext, for in so exceptional

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a case as this even Louis the Beloved recognises the need of a better one than the divine right of kings. He has it at last! He recalls the pretty name by which she is best known and the heresy that it implies. The messenger selected to seek her and to fetch her to the king is a young officer of the Royal Guard. Handsome, dashing, intellectual, polished in manner, thoughtless rather than deliberately dissolute, he sets out with an armed escort. He goes as unhesitatingly and as gaily as if the enterprise were of the most usual description. After much adventurous wandering through the forest the party comes by accident upon the isolated château.

At this point the poetic charm of the story culminates. The atmosphere of romance is completely realised. It envelops like the incense from the censer swinging before the altar of the chapel, wherein the *beau sabreur* finds the lovely chatelaine kneeling. And as their eyes now meet for the first time, and love blossoms in their hearts with that first glance, the picturesque descriptive quality of the work is subtly transposed and takes on a psychological aspect. Little by little comes the awakening of the large spiritual element of the young courtier's nature, which has never been touched before. And as love thus ennobles him, it also develops depths—hitherto unsounded—of warm human tenderness in her. Thus as the day follows the night, the lover defies the displeasure of the king in renouncing the object of his errand. His love shall not be dishonoured, though he buy her safety with his life.

The interest of the story gathers intensity as it goes on. The imprisonment of the lover; the treachery of a member of the girl-widow's household; her first helpless anguish and final appeal to the hermit priest; his noble response; her unquestioning obedience to his direction, even though it takes her to the dreaded court and the feared king; the impotent jealous agony of the imprisoned lover, who learns of her presence in the palace without explanation of what has brought her there; his terror at the delayed coming of the priest, and his encounter with the king combine to produce the dramatic *dénouement* of one of the most charming of recent novels.

GRAY ROSES. By Henry Harland. Keynotes Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.00.

MONOCHROMES. By Ella D'Arcy. Keynotes Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.00.

One of Mr. Frank Stockton's short stories celebrates the career of an author who was almost ruined by the extraordinary merit of his first book, with which all his subsequent work was compared by his publishers, and rejected because, though very good, it was not equal to the other; so that the poor fellow was finally obliged to write under a pseudonym in order to make his daily bread. Something of this same penalty for an earlier success has been visited upon Mr. Harland, whose intensely weird novel, *As It was Written*, has made all his later work seem, to the critics at least, somewhat tame and ineffective. Yet there has in reality been no falling off in the merit of Mr. Harland's writing. On the contrary, he has gained in technique and successfully eliminated the crudities of his first few novels. The present volume of short stories bears out this dictum, and its readers will find it most readable, and, in fact, re-readable. Mr. Harland has apparently an ambition to figure as a mild sort of symbolist. In one of his stories he criticises a writer who uses "the obvious and but approximate word." Hence, it may be assumed, Mr. Harland himself selects the words that are less inevitable, but more subtly exact. We confess that after spending a good deal of time in searching for instances of this profounder linguistic spirit, we have been able to discover only a few—but that may be due to the limitations of our own unsymbolical mind. Also, when we have found them they do not appear to be very remarkable. Thus, on page 160 the hero "heard the rhythm of a horse's hoofs." Here "beat" would be the obvious but only approximate word, while "rhythm" is the felicitous term. Let us give Mr. Harland due credit for it, remembering what a difficult task it is to be a symbolist while still writing intelligible English.

We think we notice also that the author of *Grey Roses* has taken a little of the colour of his contemporaries. The French sketches called "The Bohemian Girl" and "A Re-incarnation" probably owe something in the way of unconscious suggestion to Mr. Du Maurier, while there is not a doubt that the way

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of putting things in "A Responsibility" and "Castles near Spain" is borrowed from Mr. Harland's friend, Mr. Henry James. This is not at all intended for censure. Mr. James might be very glad to father either of these clever stories, which are indeed distinctly better than some of that author's later work. It is the subject of "A Responsibility" that especially interests us. Mr. Harland tells us how he met at a French *table d hôte* an English baronet, who exhibited a very natural desire for Mr. Harland's acquaintance. But for some reason, which he vainly tries to analyse, Mr. Harland drew back and gave him no satisfaction—even snubbed him. Vainly the baronet, in a dumb, pathetic way, sought to break down the barrier which Mr. Harland sternly set between them, but it was all in vain. Later, in London, they met in the street, and Mr. Harland only bowed slightly to the baronet and then pursued his way. Three weeks after this, the baronet committed suicide. He could not live without Mr. Harland's society. We are not surprised that Mr. Harland, after telling all this, ends by saying, "When I think of that afternoon in St. James's Street, I feel like an assassin." We should think he would. At the same time, though we know from personal experience how fascinating Mr. Harland's society can be, we should not have thought it quite so fascinating as all that; or, at any rate, we feel that most English baronets are much less susceptible.

Miss Ella D'Arcy (whose name we take to be a pseudonym) is one of the few writers who have won their first favourable recognition through the pages of *The Yellow Book*. Her stories are original, clever, and fascinating, and if she does not soon win distinction in a larger field we are very much mistaken. There is not a page of *Monochromes* but gives evidence of unusual power and at the same time of technical skill and a delicate literary touch.

LYRE AND LANCET. A Story in Scenes. By F. Anstey. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

Mr. Anstey's is the safest of the lighter books to recommend to holiday-seekers. Even read under less tolerant influences than sea and moorland air, it is still highly diverting. Yet Mr. Anstey has made it hard for himself to succeed. His wild extravaganza is based on the mixing up of an unhealthy, conceited young poet and a veterinary at a country house, the one there for pleasure, the other on business. It seems on the face of it impossible to keep the thing up for more than a scene or two without foolishness. And each fresh development creates a new difficulty, an improbability hardly to be got over. Every now and again the reader looks ahead and says, Now he is going to be merely absurd, and the fun will cease. But his ingenuity at least keeps pace with his readers' anxiety, and through four-and-twenty parts he pursues his delightful fooling. Satire is too serious a name to call it by; but with the aid of a large house-party he is able to hit off good-humouredly the foibles of nearly all the prominent society types of to-day. The servants' hall and housekeeper's room, too, are stages for the revelation of most varied character; while in the drawing-room the literary young woman, the sporting young woman, the democratic, autocratic aristocrat with a dozen missions, the stupid, shy young man with the heart of gold, and ever so many more, play their parts to perfection. Mr. Anstey generally expresses average ideas in his satire or fun, but his sympathy for the average and the obvious point of view cannot invariably be counted on; and his generosity to Mr. James Spurrell, M.R.C.V.S., in making him so good a gentleman at the back of all his horsey talk, at least in comparison with Mr. Galfrid Undershell, minor poet, would be beyond the reach of most popular satirists.

IN THE FIRE OF THE FORGE. By George Ebers. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Two volumes. $1.50.

The period with which the latest translation of one of George Ebers's novels deals is the latter part of the thirteenth century in Nuremberg. The old free town was enjoying an era of prosperity, owing to the Emperor Rudolph's strong measures against the robber barons, making the great commercial routes comparatively safe for the trains loaded with merchandise from the southern cities, with which the German town was engaged in trade. The times were remarkably quiet for that epoch, owing to the justness and ability of the great emperor. But the age was peculiarly romantic,

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and the place selected for the action in the novel has ever been a favourite with novelists. Ebers ranks among the first of the romanticists, and none is less pretentious. His work contains strong reflections of the German spirit of sentiment and ingenuousness. As a German he knows his people. The home love, trustfulness, and fidelity of the German race characterise the actors in the romance. There are thrilling situations, Scott-like descriptions, and portrayals of scenes that would delight a Dumas. The author knows the surest way of enlisting the sympathy of his audience by making right triumph over wrong. Old Nuremberg's noblest families are involved in the adventures, and throughout there shines the sterling worth of the German nature. The picture of the independence of an old German municipality is instructive. The story is always interesting, and there is no flagging of interest in the narrative. The work of the translator has been so faithful that the delightful Teutonisms of the original are retained.

THE MARTYRED FOOL. By David Christie Murray. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

"If efer you have a chance to hit a chentleman, hit him; you can't go wrong, my boy." Every rich man is a rogue, every poor man a martyr. This lesson was the sole heritage left by Evan Rhys to his son Evan, aged seven. Facts known to Evan and to generations of his ancestors gave the strongest support to this lesson, and of the thousand facts which would have modified it he was ignorant. Through the tragic death of the father the lesson is "bitten into the young soul as if by the action of some corrosive acid"—ineradicable, never to be forgotten for an hour. In all fiction it would be difficult to find a more pathetic picture than that of the hard journey of the penniless child from Melbourne, where a compassionate aristocrat had taken him, to Adelaide, where his father lay under sentence of death, the craving to be near the walls that enclosed his father overcoming every impulse of fear, or hunger, or weariness. The story never loses interest for a moment, though it is necessarily full of tragedy; for it shows how ideas such as these work in a nature true and capable of truest devotion. Reluctantly Evan is forced to see that a question may have two sides, but it is only when he is inextricably in the toils that he finds that the men who have made a tool of him are "traitors—liars and murderers all."

The author has utilised his travels and adventures—for Christie Murray is an adventurer tasting life at various sources—in Australia, and he knows how to make the best of local colouring for dramatic purposes. At bottom, however, he is a citizen of the world, and his novels are cosmopolitan in their sympathies and tendencies. His chief defect arises from a dangerous facility in writing. We miss in these latter days the quiet power and sane quality of his earlier imaginative work, which promised to raise him to the rank of the author of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men.*

THE JONESES AND THE ASTERISKS. By Gerald Campbell. New York: The Merriam Co. $1.25.

This is a series of monologues by different members of the Family Jones and the Family Asterisk, reprinted from the *St. James's Gazette.* There is no doubt that we should think more of them had not one or two people done the same kind of thing at least equally well. Mr. Campbell, however, can be amusing in his own way, which is in broad rather than fine satire, but always well-mannered. And he writes as if he knew his ground. The Joneses and the Asterisks, seniors, are the most disagreeable snobs possible; and because of them we bless "the revolting daughters." There is something in Harry, too, which gives hope for the next generation of the Joneses.

SELECT CONVERSATIONS WITH AN UNCLE. By W. G. Wells. New York: The Merriam Co. $1.25.

The uncle is an entertaining familiar—or was before his garrulity fell from him at the altar—and we cannot be too thankful to Mr. Wells for introducing us to him. His judgments were pitched a little high at times, and puzzled the Bagshots of his acquaintance. Forgetting his own warning about the folly of bringing ideals into daily life, he went about applying his ideal common sense to things, and "going on" because they did not stand the test. But it was only his habit of discoursing ("one must talk, you know"), the irresponsible excursiveness of a man who has learned

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wisdom, yet will not forget his follies. For these we love him; and when he goes from us into the new life, fumbling the ring, we feel towards him as did the nephew who has reported him so excellently, much as though he were a younger brother.

FIDELIS. By Ada Cambridge. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

This is the pleasantest story Miss Cambridge has written, though very likely it is not the cleverest. There is a kindly mellow tone about it that warms like the talk of an old friend, even when he is a trifle slow and tame. There are dull passages here—the description of the hero's literary achievements is dull, and the story is loosely, untidily put together. But we are really and humanly interested in the persons of whom it tells—in Adam Drewe, the grotesquely ugly hero with the clever brain and the generous heart, and in every one of his friends and protégées. His was a very long love-story. An ugly face and modesty stood in the way of his gaining favour with his lady, who married another. He sought and found fortune and made friends, and became beloved in Australia, but always remained unsatisfied. She was not young when he comes back; she was a poor and neglected widow, and completely blind. But he was no stranger. He had written his books for her; and, all unknown to him, she had read their meaning aright. Thenceforward he is wildly happy; and even confident enough of keeping her affection when her sight is restored. Miss Cambridge has convinced us by this rather ill-told story of a deeper understanding and a firmer grasp of human nature than by any of her better-made ones.

ELIZABETH'S PRETENDERS. By Hamilton Aïdé. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Paper, 50 cts.

Here is a story to be confidently recommended to the novel reader with a grain of sense. There is good stuff in it, much observation of present-day character, and lively incidents. Mr. Aïdé had no very easy task in making us like Elizabeth. In real life, after a little intimacy, we feel we should have got on famously, even if she had snubbed us every day; but in a book it is difficult to feel more than respect for so gritty a heroine. Yet long before the end, our respect is mellowed into something like affection. She was a great heiress, this Elizabeth, and the attention paid to her for her fortune made her cynical at an age when most girls believe in the disinterestedness of all who are not in jail for picking or forging. Her eyes had been opened from a romantic dream in a cruel way; surely a less cruel one might have sufficed. Thenceforward she determines the world shall know as little as possible of her wealth, and, as she has artistic ambition, she escapes to Paris to study. The other guests in her *pension* are admirably sketched. Indeed, we may say every character in the book is a reality, though, after the gritty, energetic, and honest Elizabeth, none is quite so good as one of the fortune-hunters, Lord Robert Elton. Lord Robert is the serious-minded son of a duke, who is bound to marry money—an ugly young man of brains, ambition, and awkward manners, interested certainly, but honest as the day, and very amusing to the reader. For all his snappy ways, we feel as much goodwill to him as to the young disinterested American artist, who kills the heroine's cynicism at last. Baring is a little too like Elizabeth in character for the union to promise that perfection of happiness we desire for such worthy persons. Wholesome, humorous, and sensible is the story in every chapter. It is a novel of character of uncommon power and interest, and the faults to be found with it are very little ones. But Mr. Aïdé should give up the habit of using italics after the fashion of an old-fashioned lady's letter. We like to thrill of ourselves, without being nudged to it.

GOD-FORSAKEN. By Frederic Breton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Paper, 50 cts.

This is a story with an object: the object is to convince its readers that to destroy the belief of an emotionally religious nature is very dangerous. No story ever exactly illustrated a thesis; and this one does not at all points, but certainly quite enough to keep most readers in agreement. The heroine appears at the beginning of the story as an emotional Catholic; the hero as a clear-headed, unemotional scientist. She marries him without feeling for him any very passionate affection, and loses through his companionship her faith in the super-

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natural. Her affections crave an outlet, and they find such in her passion for a Norwegian musician, who returns her love, but with capricious intervals. Then the scientific husband grows blind, and she becomes, very improbably, his secretary. The situation at the end is difficult, for she has not learned to love the scientist, and she is torn in two between her unextinguished affection for the musician and her feeling that it is wrong to go back to him. Mr. Breton, wishing her to retain our sympathies, felt there was only one course open to him; and he provides for her an escape by sudden death. *God-Forsaken* is by no means a first-rate story. It is full of a half-digested knowledge of Norwegian literature and of modern social, scientific, and religious theories. But it is by no means commonplace. Christina is a conceivable human being. Her difficulties and emotions and needs are real, and we cannot be indifferent while we read her story. And as for her biographer, we are altogether convinced that the power lies in him to write far better books.

AN IMAGINATIVE MAN. By Robert S. Hichens. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

Whoso desires an immunity from work that he may have time to dream his dreams, let him come hither, and he will learn to give more fervent thanks for his daily work than for his daily bread. The imagination here portrayed is no doubt a diseased one to begin with, but the reins are laid on its neck till it carries the hero to his undoing. That a man's life-motive should be to find an insoluble enigma, and that he should believe that he finds it in the Sphinx, certainly seems an absurdity when baldly stated.

"If I could only find a riddle that I could never guess," Denison had said, sitting in his library in Cadogan Square. And in quite a weird and modern fashion this latest victim to the relentless figure which has kept its watch with the ineffable calm patience that has never tired through so many thousands of years is brought face to face with a great enigma that he feels he can never understand.

"The Sphinx lays a spell upon all. It is too strange to leave no impression upon anybody. But to Denison it had seemed, as he stood before it, the Something he had waited for, wanted, all his life. The immensity of its gaze, the terrible, unrelenting passivity of its attitude, drew him as the hidden vice draws the holy man till he falls.

"This watching mystery governed him.

"Now he stood in the moonlight, gazing at the blurred face, till a definite life seemed to flicker into its eyes.

"He felt that there was a soul behind them that had been unguessed by men through all these ages, a masterful, unreadable soul, profoundly thoughtful, profoundly grave, sternly elevated—a soul that he wanted to worship.

"He watched the marred, majestic face, and wove wild legends round about it as the night wore on. He even ceased to stand outside, like a detective, and observe his own mind's procedure. He immersed himself in the tremendous dignity that seemed to sweep the ages together and put them aside as nothing.

"And as he gazed, till the moonlight faded, and the gray-tressed dawn slipped over the sands, a fantastic passion woke in his heart.

"He trembled while he acknowledged it, as the madman may tremble when the first faint delusion slides into his brain, and, half aware of its monstrous absurdity, he has yet no strength to drive it out."

There is no mistaking the high imaginative quality of such writing, and there are finer descriptions of this ancient, silent land, with its mystery and sinister charm, which we would fain quote here if there were space. The book is an able, if a painful and extremely morbid one, and it vividly conveys the legitimate spell which Egypt lays on the imagination. An acute *bonhomie*, tinged with the instinctive appreciation of drama that vivifies character, stirs an almost unbearable languor of cynicism, into which the story is plunged. It would be abnormal, bizarre, unwholesome did we not keep in view that the whole phantasmagoria is a fitting background to the distorted imagination of the central figure. We very naturally expect from the author of *The Green Carnation* a constant stream of rhetoric, satire, and epigram, and we are not disappointed. After discounting the inherent madness of Denison, which exists for the purposes of art, *An Imaginative Man* stands as a scathing satire on the flood of everlasting cackle and intellectual titillation which overwhelms us on all sides like a deluge. It will well repay the reader to feel the keen edge of this alone.

THE STORY OF FORT FRAYNE. By Captain Charles King. Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. $1.25.

So much romance and adventure are crammed between the covers of

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Captain King's new book that we are compelled to cry out upon the author for overcrowding his story with a superabundance of character and incident. Captain King has the facility of a practised story-teller; his style is apt to be florid, but the rapid succession of exciting incident and thrilling situation furnish diversion enough to condone for the faults of style and construction. Fort Frayne, after the Civil War, was a place of stirring action, and until a few years ago, the primitive conditions which made the hardy British-beating stock of the colonists in the East, prevailed within the shadow of the great mountains. King gives us frontier life, or, rather, fort life, with the truth and accuracy of an eye-witness and a soldier. Of course his women are sweet-faced and gentle-hearted, and as true as the men are brave. In the hurried flow of events, composed of Indian battles, financial crises, loves, joys, and disappointments, a bewildering array of fine characters is paraded before the reader with a dexterity whch gives each figure its niche in the gallery of interesting things shown by the writer. The reader, unlike the carping critic, may not find it in his heart to smile at the melodramatic action of the tale. We say melodramatic, for where only the good triumph, where no vice is allowed to flourish, and where all evil is opportunely crushed, one suspects that the author is playing to the gallery. Still if there be no consummate art in the narrative, if the play of motives be not analysed and portrayed with an Eliot-like force and fidelity there is the knack of telling a stirring story in *Fort Frayne*, and for so much we are grateful to the versatile and voluminous Captain King.

AN INTERLUDE.

In the silence and shadow of leaves
  Bow down thy head and rest;
Drink of the dream that the tree-top weaves
  Over the earth's warm breast;
The tender and balmful grass,
  The brooding motherhood,
And let but a few short moments pass
  In learning that life is good!

Somewhere, with tumult rife,
  Is a world of sorrow and shame,
And men are made by strife
  As the metal is fused by the flame;
To-morrow thy feet may turn
  From the cool and calm of the wood,
But forget to-day there are paths that burn,
  And remember that life is good!

Ay, though it wounds and grieves!
  There is strength in the lees of pain.
O heart, be still in the shelter of leaves,
  And find thyself again!
Find thyself and be glad
  Of the earth's true motherhood,
For the lesson of living is great and sad
  But the gift of life is good!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ABOUT PARIS. By Richard Harding Davis. New York : Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

Whatever else one may say of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, he certainly possesses the great virtue of being readable. His infinitives may be split in two, his shalls and wills hopelessly confounded, and his sentences so askew as to make his meaning at first sight altogether doubtful ; yet the root of the matter is in him. He sustains, as few contemporary authors do, the one great test, which is this : that having taken up one of his books, the reader does not willingly lay it down until the last word has been reached.

The present volume is the third of those containing Mr. Davis's impressions of foreign travel ; and, like the others, it is bright, observant, and entertaining. Persons who are still in that period of their development when a visit to Europe is a delightful novelty, love to get together and compare notes ; and to read Mr. Davis's books gives one the sensation of reminiscence with a very clever and sympathetic friend. In this book Mr. Davis tells of the streets and show-places of Paris—especially by night—describes the demeanour of *tout Paris* on the occasion of Carnot's tragic death, chats about the scenes attending the Grand Prix, and discusses philosophically and with a good deal of humour the American colony in Paris. Mr. Gibson's illustrations afford a welcome relief from the proverbial "Gibson girl," in that he has temporarily abandoned the puffy, bull-headed type that he usually exploits, and given us some admirably characteristic French faces, drawn with great spirit and fidelity. With his usual fondness for the author of the book, he works him in again, so that in the illustration facing page 36 we are edified by a portrait of Mr. Davis drinking something out of a cup and looking at a girl with apparent disapprobation.

We are inclined to think that *About Paris* is a little thinner in quality than its two predecessors ; and it is also open to a little gentle criticism for another quality not usual in Mr. Davis's work. As a rule, his line is that of a genial comrade who chats over his experiences with no self-consciousness or *pose*. In *About Paris*, however, there is just the slightest savour of polite condescension, as of one who knows it all and is kindly imparting a few crumbs to his less fortunate reader. This we feel called upon to point out as just the least bit amusing, in view of the fact that to one who knows his Paris well there are few chapters in Mr. Davis's book that do not sufficiently indicate the superficial character of its information. A young gentleman who actually thinks that *un bock* means a glass of bock bier, who imagines that General Dodds was "a dangerous Presidential possibility," and who is *naïf* enough to think that there are no slums in Paris, can hardly be taken seriously as an authority on Parisian life and thought. However, one does not go to his works for instruction, but for amusement ; and it is even probable that if Mr. Davis continues travelling and observing, he may at some time in the future acquire quite a fair amount of knowledge concerning the things of which he writes.

LONDON NIGHTS. By Arthur Symons. London : L. C. Smithers.

This volume of verse is interesting wholly apart from its literary quality, as showing the steady growth of the French influence in England. As Mr. George Moore is the English disciple of Zola and Huysmans, so Mr. Symons may now fairly be taken as aspiring to the place of an English Baudelaire. He cultivates sensation and deliberately exalts the sensual ; and in his rather ostentatious shamelessness he recalls his Gallic model. His literary art, however, is very unusual, and his best work is worth very serious study, for seldom does one find a poet with a keener perception of the values of words and of the fitting phrase. In quoting him, however, we prefer to turn away from his music-hall experiences, his "chance romances of the streets," and the morbid subtlety of his voluptuousness, to the fine verse that gives him at his best in both subject and treatment. Two bits will suffice to win the reader's admiration. The first, on Yvette Guilbert, has already been much copied :—

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That was Yvette. The blithe Ambassadeurs
Glitters this Sunday of the Fête des Fleurs ;
Here are the flowers, too, living flowers that blow
A night or two before the odours go ;
And all the flowers of all the city ways
Are laughing with Yvette, this day of days.
Laugh with Yvette? But I must first forget
Before I laugh that I have heard Yvette,
For the flowers fade before her ; see, the light
Dies out of that poor cheek and leaves it white,
And a chill shiver takes me as she sings
The pity of unpitied human things ;
A woe beyond all weeping, tears that trace
The very wrinkles of the last grimace.

The second is less serious, but very dainty :

A gypsy witch has glided in,
She takes her seat beside my fire ;
Her eyes are innocent of sin,
Mine of desire.

She holds me with an unknown spell,
She folds me in her heart's embrace ;
If this be love I cannot tell :
I watch her face.

Her sombre eyes are happier
Than any joy that e'er had voice ;
Since I am happiness to her,
I too rejoice.

And I have closed the door again,
Against the world I close my heart ;
I hold her with my spell ; in vain
Would she depart.

I hold her with a surer spell,
Beyond her magic and above ;
If hers be love, I cannot tell,
But mine is love.

QUAINT KOREA. By Louise Jordan Miln. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

Mrs. Miln gave us last year one of the most amusing books of recent travel, *When we were Strolling Players in the East*. Now she has written another which, in many respects, is quite as good. Perhaps she is no more observant than other travellers, but she knows how to make a very rare use of her observation when her pen is in her hand. She has a quality few of them seem to possess ; we might call it wit, but if we were challenged we could not sustain her reputation for it. Very likely she is only vivacious and entirely unaffected, and with an aversion to pomposity. She does not appear at her best when there are weighty subjects to be discussed—and poor Korea is so situated that the weighty affairs of several States cannot be ignored in speaking of it. Still, if her views on China and Japan may not satisfy politicians, they are her own, formed in the East, and they are brightly, candidly expressed. Whatever is picturesque, whatever appeals to her emotions, she can see and describe admirably. The chapters on Korean women, on the Korean amusements, on some curious Korean customs, are delightful. This "quaint kingdom of the morning calm," as she calls it, fascinated her. You feel that Mrs. Miln has been there, and her way of telling what she remembers is like the conversation of a good talker in a company where there is no need to pose. Globe-trotters for "copy" get wearisome after a while, but we cannot help feeling Mrs. Miln would not soon degenerate, and wishing she may wander still and may let us hear from her frequently. *Quaint Korea* is a good holiday book.

PONY TRACKS. By Frederick Remington. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.00.

This is one of the most charming books of the season, not because of any great literary excellence in the short stories which, to the number of fifteen, make up the volume, but because there is about them the freshness and breezy unconventionality of the West, while the vigour and occasional crudeness of the better class of people to be met there. It is in the illustrations that the work especially attracts. Men, horses, and cattle are represented in the spirited manner that has distinguished Remington's work in the magazines, and in the execution of which, with perhaps the exception of Thulstrup, he is unsurpassed.

No section of interest in the West has escaped the author's observation, and his strange and adventurous experiences are well worth telling. He has roved among the cow-punchers of the Southwest, where the dread Apache ruled in the fastnesses of mountain and desert ; on the plains of the Dakotas, where the last conflict with the Indians occurred ; at the forts ; behind General Miles on long and forced rides—everywhere, in fact, where the American may still revel in the great red-shirted freedom which has been pushed so far to the mountain wall that it threatens soon to expire somewhere near the top. The selection of picturesque subjects for the full-page illustrations gives the best possible idea of this country and its people in the wild and woolly West. The book is handsomely printed on heavy paper and bound in good stout covers.

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OUR SQUARE AND CIRCLE; OR, THE ANNALS OF A LITTLE LONDON HOUSE. By "Jack Easel." New York: Macmillan & Co.

It seems an ungracious task to find any fault with this cheerful author, who so confidingly takes for granted the interest of the public in his most trifling domestic arrangements and his ideas on almost every subject under the sun. It must be said, however, that many of these details and ideas are among the things which are only valuable to the owner. But if the reader is not repelled by an extreme discursiveness of style, he will find here many really valuable hints and warnings on the subject of setting up house, and much pleasant gossip on an almost unlimited variety of subjects. It is an open secret, by the way, that the author of these entertaining sketches is Mr. Charles L. Eastlake, Curator of the National Gallery, London. "Jack Easel" will also be identified as *Punch's* sometime "Roving Correspondent."

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

The Messrs. Macmillan publish an elaborate memoir of Sir Samuel Baker, written by Messrs. T. Douglas Murray and A. Silva White, and dedicated to the Queen. It contains six illustrations and nine maps, all admirably executed, the latter of much interest and value to students of African geography. The memoir is written with much literary skill, and forms a just tribute to the energy and ability of a man whose work has been of immense value to England and to civilisation. (Price, $6.00.)

In the English Men of Action Series, Mr. Archibald Forbes tells the story of Sir Colin Campbell's life and military services in his usual nervous, concise, and vivid style. The book gives the reader an excellent opportunity to review once more the story of the Crimean War and of the Indian Mutiny. It is published by the Messrs. Macmillan, the price being 75 cents.

In a compact volume of 295 pages the Rev. William Hayes Ward has made an interesting collection of the most striking tributes to Abraham Lincoln from his associates and others. The vein of reminiscence which runs through them makes the book most interesting reading. The publishers are Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell and Company, of New York.

The Public Men of To-day Series, published by Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company, which we have already had occasion to mention, has now been augmented by a most excellent and timely volume on Li Hung Chang, from the pen of Professor R. K. Douglas, and by another, even more interesting, on the late M. Stambuloff, by Mr. A. Hulme Beaman. We heartily commend them both to our readers, and shall have occasion to review the second of them at greater length in a subsequent number of THE BOOKMAN.

Mr. Frank Graham Moorehead is the author of a small book published by the Nixon-Jones Printing Company, of St. Louis. It is entitled *Unknown Facts about Well-known People*. After perusing some of the facts we are inclined to inquire, "Unknown to whom?" That Grover Cleveland, for instance, was once Mayor of Buffalo; that he was twice elected President; and that Mr. George Du Maurier is the author of a novel called *Trilby* are facts that might be regarded as known to persons even less erudite than Macaulay's schoolboy; but this is a criticism upon the title only, for the book itself is really a judicious condensation of a good deal of useful information about contemporary persons, many of whom are as yet to be found in only one of the existing encyclopædias. Foreign personages are very fairly represented, though we notice a few omissions. The biographies are arranged in alphabetical order.

The Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field writes very entertainingly of a visit to the provinces dominated by the Canadian Pacific Railway in a book which, with the title *Our Western Archipelago*, is published by the Messrs. Harper and Brothers. Those persons who are contemplating the same very delightful journey, with an extension to Alaska, should certainly take Dr. Field's volume with them or read it before going. Twelve excellent illustrations supplement the text.——The Robert Clarke Company, of Cincinnati, send us a most complete guide to the Chickamauga National Military Park, written by the competent pen of General H. V. Boynton. It is prepared with great care, and gives the most minute details relating to the great battles

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fought in the vicinity of the Park. (Price, $1.50.)

Messrs. Macmillan and Company go on prosperously with their Illustrated Novels Series. The last volume we have received contains Thomas Love Peacock's *Maid Marian* and *Crotchet Castle* ($1.25). Mr. Saintsbury is quite at home in criticising such a writer as Peacock, and if we are to have a standard edition of his work, no better writer could be found to stand by him. Nothing will ever make Peacock popular, but he is useful to unscrupulous journalists, as his clever phrases can be borrowed without the smallest risk of detection. The Macmillans are making a fine series of these books, and its popularity should be enduring. We have also to note two further additions to the edition of Balzac published by the same firm, namely, *The Chouans* and *At the Sign of the Cat and Racket* (per volume, $1.50), and the ninth volume of the dainty edition of Defoe, which contains the famous *Journal of the Plague*.

Two more volumes of Mr. Hardy's novels have been added by the Messrs. Harper to their new edition of this author's work. They are *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and *Two on a Tower* (per volume, $1.50). The latter is a story of a loving woman, terribly tried, doing wrong because the force of circumstances is too strong for her, but who is pure and good in spite of her fall. It will be seen at a glance that the subject has close affinities with *Tess*; indeed, we find that when this novel was published some thirteen years ago it did not escape the opprobrious epithet of "improper," from Mrs. Grundy, as affecting morals.——Messrs. R. F. Fenno and Company have made a collection of stories redolent of mystery, ghosts, and strange secrets, one of which, "The Secret of Goresthorpe Grange," is by Conan Doyle. The volume bears the appropriate title *Strange Secrets*, and its contents are readable and entertaining.—*The Making of Mary*, by Jean Forsyth, published in Cassell's Unknown Library, is an amusing story steeped in theosophy. Poor Mary made a bad thing of her previous incarnations, and she is still a very unfinished piece of work when we take leave of her.——Readers of that vivacious novel *The Grasshoppers*, published a few months ago, will be glad to read Mrs. Dean's *A Splendid Cousin*, which also appears in the Unknown Library.——In the Antonym Library—a similar series of booklets issued by the Putnams—a new volume has just been published which contains "The Honour of the Flag" and seven other short stories by the popular chronicler of the sea, Mr. W. Clark Russell.

Messrs. Crowell and Company have sent us the first volume of their Offhand Series, which is daintily yet substantially bound. *Old Man Savarin and other Stories* contains for the most part a collection of French-Canadian tales by the Canadian writer Mr. Edward William Thomson. Mr. Thomson has a picturesque style, and he shows much versatility, as well as dramatic power, in the narration of his stories. Some of them are very touching and all of them are entertaining. They have a fresh and delightful flavour, which wins the attention of the reader. The same firm have just published a delicious little juvenile by James Otis, not unknown to readers of *St. Nicholas*, in which magazine a serial of his is now appearing. *How Tommy Saved the Barn* (50 cents) tells a story of three little city waifs who spend a holiday at a Maine farm and celebrate themselves in a heroic fashion, not, however, untrue to life, amid the novelty of their experiences. The little volume will especially appeal to those who take an interest in the beneficent work being accomplished by the Fresh Air Fund.

Katharine Pyle has issued through Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company a collection of rhymes of the Slovenly Peter order, with effective drawings, which are calculated by the lessons of thrift, cleanliness, and obedience drawn from her 'orrible tales to quicken the moral sense of her young readers. *The Rabbit Witch, and other Tales* ($1.50) contains a round dozen of those amusing caricatures, and is well printed and encased in a substantial binding. *What I Told Dorcas* ($1.25), by Mary E. Ireland, is published by the same firm. It is a story for mission workers, and was suggested to the author by seeing during her long association with missionary societies the need of a book for reading aloud at their meetings—a lively, suggestive, continued story, constructed so as to be read in monthly instalments.——Messrs. D. Appleton and Company have published a collection of stories by Hezekiah Butterworth in their Town and Country

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Library, some of which have not been printed before. *In Old New England* contains a baker's dozen of stories, founded on tales which the author used to hear when a boy—stories told on old red settles by chimney fires—which, he says, "have always haunted me at such times as my mind wandered back to the past."——*Tales of Soldiers and Civilians*, by Ambrose Pierce (paper, 50 cents), has been reissued by Messrs. Lovell, Coryell, and Company in their series of American Novels.——The J. B. Lippincott Company publish *Fate at the Door*, by Jessie Van Zile Belden, in a delicate white buckram binding with ornamental design stamped in blue on the cover.

In his preface to *The Golden Book of Coleridge* (Macmillan and Company), Mr. Stopford Brooke tells how his intentions with regard to this book of selections became modified. At first it was to contain only Coleridge's very best. But these poems were so few, and not representative enough of the mind of the poet. So he included some delightful ones of the second class. Still Coleridge was not all reflected; therefore a few more not so good were inserted, because they had "not only a strong personal interest, but also illustrated his desultory and wandering verse—drifting phantasies of song . . . original in form, unshaped by art, yet shaped enough to make us regret that he did not pursue the new veins he opened, and mould their metal into a finished sculpture." A complete and sympathetic criticism of Coleridge's work is summed up in this editorial statement. The selection is indeed as good as could be made, unless some prose passages from the *Friend* had been included in the *Golden Book*. Mr. Brooke's introduction is an admirable essay; and it is gratifying to see with what enthusiastic admiration he speaks of the Coleridge researches of the late Mr. Dykes Campbell.

THE OLD BOOKSELLERS OF NEW YORK.

"There's nothing hath enduring youth,
Eternal newness, strength unfailing,
Except old books, old friends, old truth
That's ever battling—still prevailing."

Among the Nassau Street "book shops of olden time," whose alluring signs no longer salute the eye of the passing bibliophile, was that of John Bradburn, who came to this country in 1820 from County Westmeath, Ireland, where he was born in 1805. He began his career as a vender of second-hand books some ten years later than William Gowans, and in the same humble way. Armed with a basket filled with books of travel and works on navigation he invaded the wharves and ships of the city, and drove a thriving trade with ships' captains and mates just home from a cruise and with money burning holes through their freshly lined pockets.

Mr. Bradburn's first place of business was on the southeastern corner of Fulton and Nassau Streets. In 1852 or 1853 he removed to the northwestern corner of Ann and Nassau, where he remained until he retired from active business in 1868. The old book shops of his day were commonly supplied with outside shelves and counters, which were laden with books and pamphlets. Here loungers with literary tastes congregated the livelong day, sipping knowledge as the bee sips honey, and forming a feature of New York City street life which has passed almost entirely away.

Mr. Bradburn dealt largely in second-hand law, theological, and medical books, and his shop was a veritable boon to impecunious students of theological seminaries and academies of medicine and to briefless attorneys and counsellors at law. Books of a less utilitarian character, but possessed of more charms for the bibliophile, also found their way to his shop; and the patient searcher for rarities might at any moment meet with one tucked away among the volumes clad in prosaic legal calf which lined his shelves.

When first I knew this veteran of the old book trade he was a pleasant-faced, elderly man with an air of prosperity and contentment about him, in puzzling contrast to the surroundings of his dingy, contracted, but typical old book shop. The book business prospered so well with Mr. Bradburn that he was able to make investments in such choice Man-

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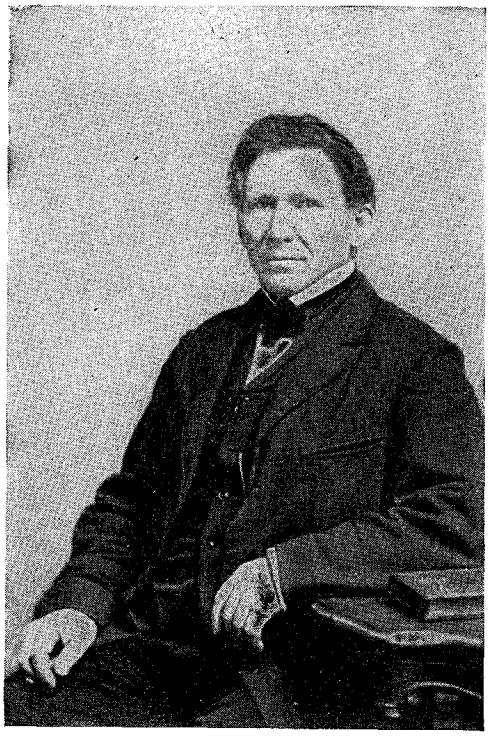
hattan real estate as Central Park and Fifth Avenue lots, the "unearned increment" of which in course of time made him well-to-do.

There is not much ozone about old books, nevertheless dealing in them appears to be conducive to longevity. C. S. Francis, to whom we have still to refer, died at the age of eighty-five; and I have had lately the gratification of sending Mr. Bradburn my congratulations upon his attainment, on April 5th,



JOHN BRADBURN.

1895, of his ninetieth birthday, in good health and the full possession of his faculties.

One of Mr. Bradburn's near neighbours was John Pyne, a "man of many friends," who, we are told, resembled Joseph Sabin in this, that he never smoked or used alcoholic liquors. Mr. Pyne removed from Nassau Street to the corner of Broadway and Astor Place. Not meeting with the success he had anticipated, he returned to his former stand, but found that many of his old customers had drifted away. He finally abandoned the second-hand book business and entered the Register's office of the City of New York, where he remained until his death, in 1894.

In Nassau Street, between Fulton and Ann, was the book shop of T. H. Morrell, at one time the rallying place for antiquarians interested in old New York and Revolutionary history. Mr. Morrell was more conspicuous as an "extra illustrator" than as a dealer in rare books, although he had acquired a knowledge of and trafficked to some extent in the latter. His pronounced penchant was for books on the drama, New York City, and the American Revolution. Although the books he extra illustrated were for sale when completed—unless executed to order—he lavished upon them all the skill and taste of an experienced and enthusiastic amateur. His knowledge of the class of prints to which he confined his attention was thorough, and he inserted in his books the choicest and rarest that he could procure. When necessary he had them repaired and restored by George Trent, that unequalled adept in the art of cleaning, mending, and inlaying books and prints, and then consigned the volumes to the skilful hands of the binder, William Matthews.

A lasting monument to Mr. Morrell's zeal and industry is the copy of Dr. Francis's *Old New York*, which he illustrated and extended to nine volumes. This book finally came into the possession of Mr. J. H. V. Arnold, and at his sale was purchased by Joseph Sabin for Robert L. Stuart at a cost of $230 per volume. It contains over twenty-five hundred prints, water-colour drawings, and autographs, and among the latter are either letters or signatures of all the mayors of New York up to the time the book was completed. It is by far the most extensively illustrated copy of any book upon New York local history, and will probably never be equalled, for there are no prints which have become so scarce as those which relate to old New York. The lithographic plates in Valentine's *Manual*, which earlier collectors affected to despise and hesitated to use, have become Hobson's choice with the "extra illustrator" of this fair city of Gotham of to-day.

Mr. Morrell had always betrayed strong dramatic proclivities, and he finally donned the tragedian's garb. His formal entrance to the stage was made in the character of Cardinal Riche-

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lieu, and he selected Philadelphia as the scene of the first and, as I am informed, last public exhibition of his histrionic ability.

A few steps further up Nassau Street (No. 140) brought the book-hunter on his rambles to "Old Hollingsworth's," who afterwards migrated to the east side of Broadway, near Great Jones Street. He dealt in prints and old magazines; and although his shop was a mere cubby-hole, it was well for the book or print collector to make in it occasionally a tentative cast of his drag-net.

Around the corner, in Fulton Street, was the store of Timothy Reeve and Company, who dealt exclusively in imported rare and standard books, which they sold at retail and to the trade generally throughout the country. They relinquished business in 1866, and were succeeded by the present firm of S. B. Luyster and Company.

Allan Ebbs was located on the west side of Broadway, near Fulton Street. His specialty was high-class and handsomely bound English books. In 1870, with his family, he took passage for Europe, and was lost on the *City of Boston*.

C. S. Francis should have had an earlier place in these sketches. He came to the city in 1826 and opened a store at 189 Broadway, near Dey Street. From there he removed to 252 Broadway, under the famous old Peale's Museum. For many years his store was the headquarters for men of letters and lovers of books. His brother, D. G. Francis, who succeeded him in business, although advanced in years, has only within the last few months relinquished the management of the oldest established book store in this city.

Mr. C. S. Francis published the first American edition of *Aurora Leigh*; and the writer has in his possession Mrs. Browning's note in relation to Mr. Francis's acquisition of the copyright, which reads as follows: "Having received what I considered to be sufficient remuneration for my poem of *Aurora Leigh* from Mr. Francis, of New York, it is my earnest desire that his right in this and future editions of the same may not be interfered with." This warning to trespassers is prominently displayed in the edition published by Mr. Francis in 1857.

C. B. Richardson, bookseller, and publisher of the *Historical Magazine*, Pollard's *History of the Rebellion*, and a number of Southern books, occupied with the old-established firm of book auctioneers, Bangs, Merwin and Company, a building at No. 594 Broadway, near Houston Street. Mr. Richardson suffered a partial loss of his stock in a conflagration on the 19th of September, 1864, which at the same time destroyed many rare volumes, the property of Thomas Aspinwall, U. S. Consul to London, the collector of many of the choice books of the late S. L. M. Barlow.

Astor Place was for some time and until quite recently a bookselling and publishing centre. Here were established John Wiley and Son, whose business consisted largely of the importation of books bought to order in Europe. Mr. Lenox obtained through their agency his beautiful copy of the Mazarin Bible, the finest of the only two copies of this monument of typography that have ever been brought to this country.

The figure of "Old Cronin" bending beneath the weight of the ponderous folios and quartos in which he principally dealt has been for many years a familiar spectacle in the down-town streets of New York. He still lives and plies his trade, although I am told that he has become quite blind. Another singular character incidentally and spasmodically engaged in the old book business was "Jimmy" Lawlor, who kept an uninviting little shop at the lower end of University Place. For a time he enjoyed a virtual monopoly of a fruitful source of book supply. He would purchase by the cubic foot the contents of old garrets, and probably bought many of his books by the pound, together with the household pots, kettles, and pans. The valuable books that occasionally turned up in these job lots cost him very little, and were cheap to his customers if he charged a profit of 1000 per cent. Acquisitions from this source required careful collation on the part of the buyer; still it was surprising how much knowledge of books Mr. Lawlor picked up in the course of his business career.

Other booksellers of New York thirty to sixty years ago were M'Elrath and Bangs, Calvin Blanchard, Samuel Raynor, Charles B. Norton, and John Doyle whose signboard modestly declared his place of business in Nassau Street to be

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"the moral centre of the intellectual world."

The old book shops of the metropolis before the Civil War were for the most part small and unpretentious; but good books and rare ones were constantly to be found in them by alert, persevering, and intelligent collectors, and in those days it did not, as it unfortunately does now, require the bank account of a millionaire to go book-hunting or salmon-fishing.

Indulgence in fond recollections of bygone days is considered an infallible sign of approaching senility, and we are assured that the present days are a vast improvement upon any that have preceded them. Doubtless they are—with exceptions—for the book hunter with a slender purse beyond all question has seen his best days in this or any other land. Alike from the Quay Voltaire, Piccadilly, and Nassau Street,

> "—— the fabled treasure flees,
> Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
> In rich men's shelves they take their ease."
> —ALDINE'S BODONIS ELZEVIRS.

Nevertheless, according to Edmund Gosse, there is a pleasure still attendant upon the collector in his poverty—a happiness he shares with gentle Elia (whom for his bibliomania we love the more), namely, "the exquisite pleasure of buying what he knows he can't afford."

When the first of these sketches appeared I was confronted with this query from an old and respected member of the bookselling fraternity: "What is the use of writing about these men? They were simply dealers, and bought and sold books as so much merchandise for profit, and that was all there was to it." Not quite all, my good friend. An old book shop is an instructive place even to visit, and we spend our time over many books the contents of which are less profitable reading than are the pages of a well-made bookseller's catalogue. I am loth to believe that one can pass his life among books, even in the way of sordid trade, without imbibing—it may be in only a superficial manner—a modicum of the wit, wisdom, and philosophy they contain, and thereby becoming a less commonplace fraction of the mass of humanity. But this may be only a bibliomaniac's fancy, liable to be shattered by the first passing breath of common-sense criticism.

W. L. Andrews.

BARON TAUCHNITZ.

Although the name of the German publisher who died on August 13th was familiar to the English-speaking public, the precise nature of his connection with our literature was not equally understood by them. To most, the well-known Tauchnitz edition suggested handy pocket volumes of their most popular authors, which they could read with the added sweetness which is given to forbidden fruit.

Baron Tauchnitz came of a family of publishers who did much to spread a knowledge of the classics and of their own literature, and he carried on their work. Towards the end of the last century his uncle set up in Leipzig a press noted for the cheapness and elegance of the works which issued from it, and the business was continued by a son who died only some ten years ago. It was in 1837 that the nephew, the late Baron, established his publishing business, also in Leipzig, and in 1841 that he began printing the works of English authors, and so did an immense service to English literature by widening the range of appreciation of it. It is natural that at the moment of his death the generosity towards English and American writers with which he carried out this undertaking should be most commented upon. When the Tauchnitz edition of British authors was begun there was no international copyright, and there was none for several years later; but all along, the German publisher obtained the authors' consent, and paid them for it. That this consideration on his part rewarded him amply when international copyright came to be established there is no doubt; but, from the first, Baron Tauchnitz had an ambition beyond the filling of his own pocket. We believe that in his original prospectus he proclaimed an intention of making the first step towards

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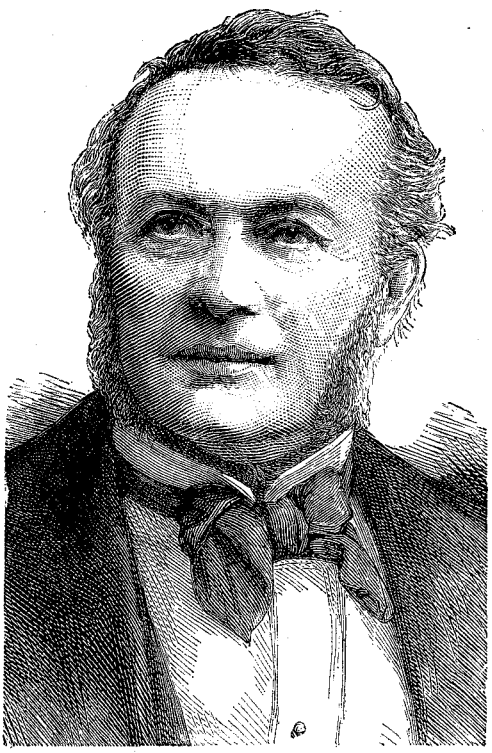
an extension of the rights of copyright, and of publishing his edition in accordance with these rights. With the literary relationship between England and Germany which he established thus, there arose a relationship still more delightful between the English author and the German publisher. This was shown by his dedication of his thousandth volume, in 1869, "To my English and American authors, as a token of esteem for the living and a tribute to the remembrance of the dead," and by his celebration of the publication of two thousand volumes, twelve years later, with Professor Morley's well-known *History of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria*. The good feeling on the other side is amply discovered in the letters from English authors contained in the *Fünfzig Jahre der Verlagshandlung Bernhard Tauchnitz*, which appeared as a jubilee volume in 1887.

These letters, which are signed by the most eminent names in Victorian literature, are interesting and pleasant reading: pleasant because of the exhibition they give of friendship and trust on both sides, and interesting because in many cases the correspondents spoke out more freely than they might have been inclined to do in addressing an English publisher. Charles Reade, for example, who was introduced to Baron Tauchnitz by Thackeray, wrote expressing his reliance in the good faith of the publisher, and added: "Only this I beg: let me be paid according to my sale; for instance, if you sell fewer copies of me than of Mr. Thackeray, pay me less; if you sell more, pay me more. Your collection is a notable one. It contains many authors who are superior to me in merit and reputation, but it also contains the entire works of many writers who do not come up to my knee." Dickens, too, was warm-hearted, as this note shows. "I have too great a regard for you and too high a sense of your honourable dealings to wish to depart from the custom we have already observed. Whatever price you put upon the book will satisfy me." The author of *Lothair* wrote with equal cordiality, but in a wholly different style: "The sympathy of a great nation is the most precious reward of authors, and an appreciation that is offered us by a foreign people has something of the character and value which we attribute to the fiat of posterity. I accept your liberal enclosure in the spirit in which it is offered, for it comes from a gentleman whose prosperity always pleases me, and whom I respect and regard." The whole of the



BARON TAUCHNITZ.

correspondence is a standing testimony to the frankness and delicacy with which, for all that some may say, the transactions of author and publisher may be conducted.

Christian Bernhard Tauchnitz was born on August 25th, 1816. In 1837 he entered business for himself, and in 1843, having turned his mind to the great undertaking of his life, he visited London and laid his project before the English authors whose works he proposed to publish. The broad lines on which an agreement was arrived at were: (1) Payment to English authors; (2) exclusive authorisation of the Tauchnitz edition for the Continent; (3) no importation of the Tauchnitz edition into England or her colonies. Over three thousand volumes of the "Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition," have

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been issued since its inauguration. He was created a Baron in 1877 by the late Duke of Coburg, and he was a member of the Upper Chamber of the Saxon Diet; he was also British Consul-General for the kingdom of Saxony.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKSELLING.

THE SYSTEM ADOPTED IN GERMANY FOR THE PREVENTION OF UNDERSELLING AND FOR PROMOTING THE SALE OF BOOKS.

(Abridged from an address made in London by William Heinemann.)

II.

The sudden abolition of discount, which had increased from 10 to 15 per cent., and then to 20 and even 25 per cent., naturally gave rise to a good deal of dissatisfaction among a certain portion of the public, who tried to insist on the continuance of the accustomed terms; and in places it seemed for a while as if the local bookseller could not resist the pressure. Therefore, it was necessary that he should be protected by the corporate body whose commands he obeyed. For that purpose a carefully prepared circular was given him for distribution among his clients. In it the public were put into possession of the facts of the whole case. It was pointed out that a local bookseller was of inestimable advantage both to the public and the author, because the former was enabled to examine regularly all new publications as they came from the press, while the latter was certain to have his work actually submitted to every possible purchaser. It is also stated that in order to get a living profit on a small turnover, the bookseller must charge full price, and that it is therefore necessary, in order to protect the interests not only of the book trade—the publisher and the bookseller—but also the interests of the author and his public, to make all discount-giving illegal. By no other means could the existence of the small local man be assured. It is natural that a large concern with a large turnover can work relatively cheaper than a small concern with a small turnover, and the larger the turnover the cheaper could the thing be done—so that the whole business would ultimately be done by a few gigantic distributing machines working with the cheapest labour available. But, argues the "Börsenverein"—and very rightly it seems to me,—the more widely you distribute a publication, and the more intelligently you offer it to the public, the larger will be its sale; and the larger its sale, the cheaper can the publisher make it and sell it. Therefore, by the increased sale brought about by the painstaking, intelligent local bookseller, will the public gain likewise in the end; because there will be everywhere a tendency to cheapen the selling prices of books—an advantage, surely, for the classes as well as the masses.

As I have just said, author and publisher are benefited by this system as well as the bookseller, and ultimately the public; because every new book is actually and intelligently put on sale in every corner of the Empire. It is not left to the chance of a possible customer seeing a possible advertisement. You know yourself best how many sales are lost by that most fatal of answers "not in stock." The local bookseller in Germany, particularly in smaller towns, has an establishment which every educated person in the place visits from time to time—weekly generally, on the arrival of the Leipzig parcel. He inspects the newest publications, sees them within a few days of their issuing from the publishers. He is able to handle them, to examine them, and to select from them. Need I assure you that for this advantage he has at length become perfectly satisfied to pay the price which gives a decent living to his great benefactor and friend, the local bookseller?

But while so regulating the attitude of the book trade toward the public, the "Börsenverein" applied itself at the same time to the regulation of the conditions which should exist between publisher and bookseller. It laid down that in order to carry on a decent and profitable business, the bookseller must be allowed a certain percentage. Publishers are, therefore, required to give at least a minimum discount off all books; or otherwise they shall inform the public that the bookseller is entitled to something extra by way of commission over and above the advertised price. At all hazard, and by every means the bookseller's position must be secured. Without him the publisher could not reach his customer; without him the student must frequently be without a guide and a friend in his difficult and bewildering choice. It was recognised as essential that the profits of booksellers should be adequate and fair, because only by a decent reward was it found possible to attract a sufficiently educated class of young men to the business. Many assistants—I might almost say most of the assistants—in booksellers' shops in Germany have matriculated at one of the universities, and seldom if ever do you find an assistant who is not capable of compiling a catalogue, for instance, to satisfy the exigent requirements of the Librarian of the British Museum. The small bookseller and his studious assistant are the makers of those wonderful bibliographies and catalogues which are the pride of the German book trade, the comfort of the student, and the testimony of an intelligent affection for a business which has many splendid rewards besides the reward of money.

The committee of the "Börsenverein" is kept in close relations with its members through its daily organ, the *Börsenblatt*. I believe there is hardly in the world a more carefully studied, a more widely read paper (for its circulation) than the *Börsenblatt*. It is read by the principals and by every one of his assistants day by day. It is discussed, and on account of its splendid independence and authority, it is respected with an almost ridiculous awe.

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The "Börsenverein" also issues annually a Directory of all its members, and of every firm in connection with the German book trade, not only in Germany, but also abroad, forming an enormous volume—not so very much less bulky than the London directory. And there are, further, a number of publications such as the *Archives and History of the German Book Trade*, of which sixteen volumes have so far appeared, a catalogue of the library of the "Börsenverein," which is one of the finest bibliographical libraries in the world, as well as numerous other publications, all of them relating to the interests of the book trade.

The "Börsenverein' has recently established a branch depôt in New York, bringing the American German book trade—not inconsiderable, I assure you, when one remembers that New York itself has the third largest German-speaking population in the world—under the sway of the home government.

I must touch upon another branch, and a most important one, of the activity of the "Börsenverein." I mean its most efficient and excellent charitable institutions, as well as the provision it makes for old age, sickness, and undeserved difficulties in business of all its members. It has at its disposal a very large fund, which has accumulated partly from the very modest fees imposed on members, and partly from handsome donations. It is now one of the largest charities in Germany, and is able to keep anyn umber of its members from actual destitution and poverty. In addition to this general fund, there is also a fund for widows and orphans of members, and an affiliated benevolent society for the lower assistants and their families, as well as those who are in any way even remotely connected with bookselling.

The local organisations and societies send annually representatives to Leipzig to attend the committee meetings which take place during the Easter Fair. The Easter Fair is, in fact, the *rendezvous* of all engaged in book-selling. Publishers and booksellers meet *en camarade*, exchange views, settle their scores, carry forward books which are out on sale—a system, by the way, which is more largely practised in Germany than with us—and part again with the consciousness that they are full and equal members, all of them, of a sound and splendid republic.

Of course this annual gathering has an enormous influence on the spirit of the whole book trade. It creates an extraordinary feeling of comradeship and of good fellowship. Plans can be formed, suggestions made, difficulties smoothed over; difficulties such as unfortunately crop up even in so peaceful a walk of life as that which we gentlemen have adopted. All this can be done with no unnecessary waste of patience, time, and writing, without an intermediary—directly from mouth to mouth.

The idea, of course, of an annual meeting of this description is less practicable in England, and would hardly be desirable with us Our publishing business is so centralised in London and Edinburgh, and so few books are published elsewhere; also our bookselling trade is, at present, at least (and I look upon this as one of the gravest aspects of the present condition of your trade), so centralised in large towns that publishers and at least the larger bookseller are brought into continual and fairly close contact. Moreover, we English publishers—in default of the *Börsenblatt* as a medium of daily exchange between ourselves and our clients; in default of a regular date of settlement (as in Germany, at Michaelmas and Easter, effected at a public exchange in as business-like a way as stock-broking settlements are carried on at our Royal Exchange)—visit through our travellers the country book trade, and are in that way brought into a sort of communication with our customers. Our travellers are welcomed and received kindly by the country bookseller, while the German traveller is abhorred and detested among his clients (if he has any), so that there is hardly a reputable publisher in Germany who employs travellers in the same sense as we English publishers do. Yet I am sure the right thing is to meet and to exchange views and to help one another as far as one can. I for one do not envy the person who is engaged in so endobling a business as ours, living as he does in the the companionship of great minds, past and present; I do not envy him, I say, who feels that in such a calling and in such a cause there is no higher obligation, no other purpose, than that of making profit at the expense of his neighbour; a process, moreover, which from a collective point of view, at least, is simply the taking of money out of one pocket and putting it into the other, but is assuredly not the right road to the making of riches and the creating of a commonwealth.

Protect your interests, your collective interests, as they did in Germany eight years ago, under difficulties greater than are yours at the present moment; insist on a living profit, and put down those who are frivolously dissipating your financial possibilities. Among such an assembly of men there can be no difficulty in finding half a dozen who will bind themselves together and who will unite to fight for this common cause. My one feeling of sorrow and regret is that the movement is not at present shared largely enough by members of my branch of our business. Perhaps I am over sanguine. One is often wrong when one feels strongly and with conviction and enthusiasm about a thing. It seems to me that our old historic publishing houses are doing themselves—but chiefly you—a wrong in their attitude of indifference to the condition of the bookseller. But they will all come in when they see that you are determined to have your way, just as their sleepy *confrères* did in Germany. *L'union fait la force!*

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, September 1, 1895.

Unquestionably the most interesting and active feature of the book trade during the last month has been vacations, for in the early part of August business generally reaches its lowest ebb. The month started off with an unusual lull, but later sales improved, and the month as a whole compared favorably with that of the previous year.

While this applies particularly to the retailers and publishers of miscellaneous literature, the makers of holiday books have been busy shipping their orders, which on the whole look well for the season. These lines do not differ materially from those of previous years, consisting largely of 16mos, 12mos, illustrated editions of popular novels, and novelties in the way of calendars and booklets. The large flat table books of former years are now rarely seen, and the cheap board-

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bound juveniles are rapidly disappearing, their sale being mostly confined to the dry-goods houses and small towns The latter part of August has shown the customary revival in school books. Every year shows a falling off of business in the hands of the retailer, as the text-book publishers are gradually securing direct co-operatian with the consumer through the boards of education. Of recent educational books which are especially popular may be mentioned Frye's series of Geographies, Hart's *Handbook of Composition and Rhetoric*, Rolfe's *Cornelius Nepos* and Arrowsmith and Whicher's *First Latin Readings*. Orders from libraries have continued good for this season of the year, and the number of lists to be priced indicate an early increase.

The summer trade in paper-bound books is now practically over. While odd volumes have had a large sale, the various series as a whole have not been as successful as in previous years. No new books of especial importance in this style have been recently issued.

The annual publication of Chautauqua books is now ready and is meeting with its customary popularity; *Thinking, Feeling, and Doing*, by Dr. E. W. Scripture, being the most successful volume in point of sale.

Fiction has been the mainstay of the trade for the past month, and under this heading two titles, namely, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*, have far outsold all others. The latter has shown in the city and vicinity a marked increase since its dramatisation. Other of the older works still continuing in demand are *The Manxman*, *The Lilac Sunbonnet*, *The Adventures of Captain Horn*, and *Coffee and Repartee*. *About Paris*, by Richard Harding Davis, illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson, undoubtedly stands first as a probable seller, while *The Little Huguenot*, by Max Pemberton, and *The Veiled Doctor*, by Varina Anne Jefferson Davis, are already having a large sale. Stanley J. Weyman has given us two new books entitled *From the Memoirs of a Minister of France* and *The King's Stratagem*, for which first orders have been good.

The following list of the most popular books during the month is so entirely composed of fiction as to indicate the general relaxation of the season :

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 75 cts.

The King's Stratagem. By Stanley J. Weyman. 50 cts.

Chiffon's Marriage. By "Gyp." 50 cts.

Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and Other Stories. By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50.

The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham. By John Oliver Hobbes. $1.50.

My Lady Nobody. By Maarten Maartens. $1.75.

The Lilac Sunbonnet. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

Coffee and Repartee. By John Kendrick Bangs. 50 cts.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

The Veiled Doctor. By Varina Anne Jefferson Davis. $1.25.

Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. $1.00.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, September 1, 1895.

Business during the first half of August was very dull, reaching what will probably be the low-water mark for the year. The last two weeks, however, showed a tendency toward a revival, and sales have increased steadily up to the time of writing. From now on we may expect a decided improvement. In surveying the month's business there is not much that calls for special comment. The most striking feature has been the continuance of the extraordinary demand which has manifested itself throughout the summer months for the popular fiction of the hour. The favourites in this class sold splendidly and were, in fact, the mainstay of the month's trade. Several good orders for miscellaneous books have been received from public libraries. Country orders for autumn trade are just beginning to come in, and are, so far, fairly satisfactory in regard to quantity.

From the bookseller's point of view, quantity rather than quality distinguished the books published in August, only two or three of them meeting with more than moderate success. Mallock's *The Heart of Life*, and *The Little Huguenot* by Max Pemberton, were the best of these, and both, especially the latter, are being much enquired for at present *My Lady Nobody*, Maarten Maarten's new story, which appeared late in July, sold remarkably well, as did also Gilbert Parker's *When Valmond Came to Pontiac*. *An Imaginative Man*, by Robert Hichens, is having a fair run. As an indication that summer reading is not confined to fiction alone, we may mention that the sales of such books as Drummond's *Ascent of Man*, Nordau's *Degeneration*, and Kidd's *Social Evolution* made a very good showing. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* led the van in the month's sales, with *The Adventures of Captain Horn* as a good second. *The Manxman* had a good sale, and *The Story of Bessie Costrell* went better than it did in July. Conan Doyle's books, especially the detective stories, sold well, and *Yale Yarns*, *Princeton Stories*, and *Harvard Stories* were much in request. Interest in books on Hypnotism and Mental Science is still strong, and *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, which has probably had the best run of any book on this subject, is now in its ninth edition.

The Colonial period of our history is one that is of peculiar interest to what may be called the better class of readers, and books by writers who have made this field their own are always sure of a ready sale. Indeed, the success of such books as *Colonial Days and Dames* and *Through Colonial Doorways* and *Three Heroines of New England Romance* was one of the features of the holiday trade last year. Lovers of the literature of this period will be pleased to know that both Alice Morse Earle and Annie Hollingsworth Wharton have books in preparation for the holidays, which, judging from advance announcements, will equal in interest anything either writer has yet produced.

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The following list of books which sold best last month includes, as will be seen, most of the old favourites :

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

Trilby. By George Du Maurier. $1.75.

My Lady Nobody. By Maarten Maartens. $1.75.

An Imaginative Man. By R. S. Hichens. $1.25.

When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 75 cts.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. 75 cts.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.

Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25.

The Little Huguenot. By Max Pemberton. 75 cts.

The Heart of Life. By W. H. Mallock. $1.25.

With the Procession. By Henry B. Fuller. $1.25.

The Master By I. Zangwill. $1.75.

An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. $1.50.

ENGLISH NOTES.

LONDON, July 22 to August 17, 1895.

The period above indicated commenced with a slightly improved trade, which was maintained for about a fortnight. Foreign trade remains steady, and, as a whole, satisfactory. This class of business does not, as a rule, fluctuate very much ; at least, not so noticeably as other branches.

Trilby, *Trilby*, *Trilby*, is the cry from all parts of the kingdom. The sale of this work is without a precedent in the history of the one-volume edition of a popular novel. Every copy of the edition de luxe of the work was sold before publication.

The *Badminton Magazine* starts well and supplies a want, in this country, at any rate. *Chambers's Journal* and the other popular magazines, such as *Strand Magazine*, *Quiver*, *Woman at Home*, etc., show no signs of falling off.

There has been a very free enquiry for the new volume of the Badminton Library. Sea-fishing is the subject of which it treats, and the publication of the volume is very well timed. All works dealing with sports and pastimes have their season just now. Possibly these keep the trade alive until the time arrives for the reassembling of the schools.

The interest still evinced in the Hero of Trafalgar is noticeable from the reception given to the new volume of "English Men of Action," by J. K. Laughton, dealing with Nelson. The critics pronounce this to be a very remarkable and original work, which may account for its very free sale.

It is reported in the trade that three of the leading writers of the day have disposed of the serial rights only of their new works to American magazines for a sum which must make some of the immortal writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth, aye, and of the nineteenth, centuries turn in their graves.

Appended is a list of the newer publications which are most in request at the time of writing. Fiction predominates, as usual, and probably will always do so. The 6s. novel may now be considered as a well-established item of trade. The demand for the life of Stambouloff shows the interest taken in any matter dealing with Eastern Europe, and the inclusion in the list of H. Norman's work on Japan and China speaks for itself.

Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.

The Master. By I. Zangwill. 6s.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.

The Lilac Sunbonnet. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.

The Honour of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. 6s.

Joan Haste. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s.

Magnificent Young Man. By John Strange Winter. 6s.

Into the Highways, etc. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.

In a Gloucestershire Garden. By H. N. Ellacombe. 6s.

Gerald Eversley's Friendship. By Rev. J. E. C. Welldon. 6s.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By F. R. Stockton. 6s.

An Imaginative Man. By R. S. Hichens. 6s.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. *net.*

Lovely Malincourt. By Helen Mathers. 3s. 6d.

Peg the Rake. By Rita. 3s. 6d.

Sea Fishing. (Badminton Library.) 10s. 6d.

The Pheasant. (Fur and Feather Series.) 5s.

Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 5s. *net.*

Stambouloff. By. A. H. Beaman. 3s. 6d.

Peoples, etc., of the Far East. By H. Norman. 21s.

Fifty Years. By Rev. Harry Jones. 4s.

Nelson. (English Men of Action.) 2s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between August 1 and September 1, 1895.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.25. (Putnam.)
4. The Gods, etc. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. The Little Huguenot. By Pemberton. 75 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Strange Secrets. By Doyle and Others. Paper, 50 cts. ; cloth, $1.00. (Fenno.)
4. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
5. Wild Ass's Skin. By Balzac. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

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6. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.25. (Putnam.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Hon. Peter Sterling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Not Counting the Cost. By Tasma. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
5. Pleasure Cycling. By Porter. $1.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Lyre and Lancet. By Anstey. $1.25 (Macmillan.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
5. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
6. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. My Lady Nobody. By Maarteens. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Little Huguenot. By Pemberton. 75 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Parker. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. With the Procession. By Fuller. $1.50. (Harper.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Parker. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
3. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
4. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. With the Procession. By Fuller. $1.25. (Harper.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Water Tramps. By Bartlett. $1.00. (Putnam.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Shadow of a Crime. By Caine. $1.50. (Knight.)
4. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. In the Midst of Alarms. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
6. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper)
4. Stories of the Foot Hills. By Graham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
6. Under the Man Fig. By Davis. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

HARTFORD, CT.

1. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribners.)
2. From a New England Hillside. By Potts. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. The Little Huguenot. By Pemberton. 75 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Story of the Plants. By Allen. 40 cts. (Appleton)
5. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
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